

ROYAL SONG FOLIO

A COLLECTION OF
STANDARD AMERICAN VOCAL GEMS,
WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF CELEBRATED COMPOSERS
AND VOCALISTS.

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Henriette Beebe.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

CELEBRATED COMPOSERS AND VOCALISTS.

AMBROSE, Robert Steele, well known in Canada as a song writer, was born in England, and came of a musical family, his grandfather having been organist of the parish church of Chelmsford, Essex, and his father organist of that of Great Baddow. His father becoming weary of teaching music, emigrated with his family to Canada when Robert was a child, and purchased a farm in the neighborhood of Guelph. Robert and two of his brothers adopted music as a profession. Charles, the eldest son, was for many years a teacher in Toronto, and the first organist of the Church of the Holy Trinity. John, the second son, was solo pianist at the opening of the Toronto University, in 1845, and played Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland" and other solos. Robert settled in Kingston, where he was precentor in St. Andrew's Church and afterwards organist in St. George's Cathedral. In 1864 he removed to Hamilton, where for over twenty years he has been principal in the Wesleyan Ladies' College, and for eighteen years organist of the Church of the Ascension. He has published many light pieces for the piano, and a number of songs, of which "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" has probably gained the greatest popularity.

BISHOP, J. Brigham, author of "Shoo fly," was born in Boston, and is now about 49 years of age. After accumulating a comfortable return at his works, he took to mercantile pursuits, and is now engaged in the brokerage business in New York city. The familiar song, "Pretty as a picture," is one of the later productions of his pen.

BLAND, James A., best known as the author of "Dem golden slippers," "In the morning by the bright light," and other jubilee songs, is a mulatto, and was born in the South about 33 years ago. He possesses much original talent for the production of "darkey" melodies.

BRADBURY, William H., born in York, Me., in 1816; died January 7, 1868. As a youth he showed his predilection for music by attempting to play on different musical instruments which came into his possession. In 1834 he commenced a regular course of study and received systematic instruction, with the satisfactory result that he acquired a good musical education. In 1840 he commenced teaching in New York, and soon obtained a prominent position in musical circles. As a composer he gained a wide celebrity, his works amounting to twenty three books

of glees, and church and Sunday school music. His book entitled, "The Jubilee" had a sale of 200,000 copies in a very brief period.

COOPER, George, poet and song writer, was born in New York city in 1840. He studied law with Ex-President Arthur, but has never practiced. He has written the words of many songs for Foster, Thomas, Abt, Tucker, Millard and other well-known composers. Among his most popular songs are "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," "Sweet Genevieve," "Mother Kissed Me in My Dream," and "Must We Then Meet as Strangers." The catalogues of the music publishers are, in fact, full of his efforts in this line. During the past few years he has written many poems for the juvenile magazines and periodicals—*Harpers' Young People*, *Our Young Folks*, *Wide Awake*, *Independent*, etc. His time has, in addition, been well occupied in supplying composers with librettos, hymns, translations and sentimental poetry.

COWEN, Frederick Hymen, one of the most prominent British composers of the present day, was born at Kingston, Jamaica, January 29, 1852. He manifested a taste for music at a very early age, and soon after his arrival in England with his parents, in 1857, he became the pupil of Sir Julius Benedict and Sir John Goss, from whom he received instructions until 1865. He was then sent to Leipsic and Berlin, where he studied for three years. His first important work was the cantata "The Rose Maiden," a composition distinguished by elegance of style and tunefulness of melody. He has since produced a number of beautiful and popular songs, an opera, "Pauline," the cantata "Corsair," the incidental music to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," a festival overture and several symphonies. His best work is the "Scandinavian" symphony, which has been performed with great success in all the principal cities of Europe and the United States, and also at Toronto, Canada. The late Dr. Damrosch pronounced this work the greatest symphony that had come from the present modern school. The exquisite dramatic beauty of the slow movement and the fairy-like grace of the *scherso* have won for this symphony an instant success wherever played. The orchestral coloring is very fine, and Mr Cowen has proved himself to be in this work a thorough master of instrumentation. He is at present employed in writing a grand opera, which it is expected will be his greatest effort.

DANKS, H. P., was born in New Haven, Conn. Since 1864 he has been a resident of New York city. In 1872 he made his great "hit," "Silver threads among the gold," which is said to have had the largest sale of any song ever written by an American author. He is a prolific writer, having already in print more than eight hundred original works. As a sample of one of his pleasing efforts, we include among the contents of this volume, a song and chorus, entitled "Let my name be kindly spoken," which has met with considerable success.

EMMETT, Joseph K., the popular actor and singer, was born in St. Louis, March 13, 1841, and made his first appearance before the footlights in 1866, at a variety theatre in that city. He won an instantaneous success with the general public, his broad, natural humor, talent for mimicry, and clever dancing and singing creating a *furor*. His original specialties were in those caricatures of German types which are grouped in the category of "Dutch business." In 1868 he went to New York and obtained an engagement with Daniel Bryant's company, and two years later he appeared in his most successful creation of *Fritz*. He has since made a tour of the world, playing everywhere to crowded houses and always to delighted audiences. His eccentricities have somewhat interfered with his career, but his popularity is as great as ever. He has composed many songs, of trifling musical merit, but which have had the good fortune to please the masses of the people.

FORSYTH, Wesley Octavius, one of the younger and rising musicians of Canada, was born in Aurora, Ont., in 1861. He comes from a decidedly musical family and gives promise of attaining a leading position in his profession. He has written several piano compositions, among which may be mentioned two songs without words, "Regret" and "Farewell," also "Happy Smiles," "Memories," "Floating Echoes," "Idyl," and others. His Impromptu (Op. 8), a portrayal of the varying passions which sway the human soul, is admirably written, and is acknowledged to be one of his best works. A song for mezzo soprano, entitled "Slipping away," is an attractive and tender composition, very cleverly worked out. Forsyth is a brilliant and expressive pianist and a painstaking and successful teacher. He has an extensive *clientèle* in Toronto, where he now resides.

FOSTER, Stephen C., writer of songs and ballads, was born July 4, 1826, at Pittsburg, and died Jan. 13, 1864. He developed a love for music at an early age, and when but thirteen years old composed a march for his school-mates at his college in Athens, Pa. His first published composition was a serenade, "Open thy lattice, love," the music of which he wrote at the age of sixteen. The following year he took to writing negro melodies, many of which, among them "Louisiana belle," "Old Uncle Ned," "Oh Susanna" and "Way down South," achieved a wide popularity. In 1845 he went to Cincinnati and accepted a position as bookkeeper under his brother, Dunning McN. Foster, but the dull routine of office life soon wearied him, and in 1847 he forsook mercantile pursuits and adopted ballad writing

as a business. In 1850 he wrote "Nellie was a lady," and in 1851 composed his most beautiful and celebrated song, "Old Folks at home." This deservedly popular song was suggested to him by the irresistible longing he felt for home, while away from Pittsburg, and not by the idea, as some have supposed, to produce a rival to "Home, Sweet Home." Foster wrote most of his ballads and songs during the period between 1854 and 1860. "Willie, we have missed you" is another of his songs, which has attained a world-wide celebrity. In 1864 he was attacked with ague while in New York, and being in a weak condition at the time, the fever proved fatal. Foster was somewhat eccentric in character. Some of his best melodies came to him in the middle of the night. In such cases he invariably got up and dressed, and committed his ideas to music paper for subsequent elaboration.

GLEDHILL, Edwin, composer of ballad music, was born in London, England, July 3, 1835. His father was Robert Limbry Gledhill, well known as a meritorious musician and pianist. Edwin Gledhill commenced his music studies at the early age of six years, and his natural genius, supplemented by many years' study, has won him his present reputation. In 1858 he went to Canada to seek his fortune, and took up his residence in Toronto. Since that year he has faithfully devoted himself to the business of a professional musician. In the line of ballad music he has been very successful, many of his songs being distinguished by a vein of melody which has secured them popularity. Among these may be mentioned "Waiting for the tide," "Oh! nightingale," "When the flowers begin to bloom."

HAYS, Will S. This well-known writer and composer is at present (1886) a resident of Louisville, Kentucky, in which city, it is said, he was born and educated. His age is somewhere between 40 and 45. Mr. Hays has written many songs, and has produced some very fine poems. For years he has been agent for several mail packet lines, plying between Louisville and Cincinnati; he is also connected with the *Courier-Journal*, of the former place. Most of his songs were written just after the close of the War of the Rebellion, the most popular being "The wandering refugee," "Write me a letter from home," "Nora O'Neal," "Evangeline," and later, "Mollie darling" and "The little old log cabin in the lane." Mr. Hays is very popular with the Western steamboat men, and by his own fellow citizens is regarded as a whole-souled, original genius.

HOWARD, Frank, the *nom-de-plume* of Mr. J. F. Martindale, was born in Greeley, Iowa, and is thirty-five years of age. He commenced his career by becoming connected with various theatrical combinations, and won his first pronounced success with Thatcher's Minstrels by his singing of his now celebrated song, "Only a pansy blossom." His subsequent successes in the line of vocal music are, "When the robins nest again," "When the springtime and robins have come," "I'll await my love," "Sweet Alpine roses," "Venita," "Two little ragged urchins."



E. Aline Osgood.



Emily Winant.

HUNTLEY, Wm. A., is a native of Providence, R. I., and made his *début* upon the minstrel stage in 1860. Since that time he has been honored with the best positions obtainable, and is second to none as an artistic performer on the banjo. In 1880 he made an engagement with Haverly's Minstrels as leader of the "Twelve Banjo act," in which twelve banjo artists appeared on the stage at one time, and opened at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, on the 30th of July of that year, where his "Chime Bell," and "One-hand" imitations met with great success. He is a remarkably successful composer, and some of his songs, particularly "Some day I'll wander back again," and "Must we leave the old home, mother," are among the most popular in print.

MACKENZIE, A. C., one of the most gifted British composers of the present day, is the son of a popular musician of Edinburgh, and was born in 1847. At the age of eleven he went to Schwarzburg Sonderhausen, and studied under W. Ulrich and Eduard Stein. Two years after he returned to Scotland and then proceeded to London and won a King's scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. After receiving a course of instruction on the violin from M. Sainton, he returned to his native city and adopted the life of a professional musician. His first great success in composition was his orchestral arrangement of Scotch melodies under the title of "Scotch Rhapsodies," which were played by the Crystal Palace Band in London, and a few years ago were introduced to the American public by Dr. Damrosch and Theodore Thomas. His opera of "Colomba," produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1883, established his fame. The merits of the opera were at once recognized in Germany, and "Colomba" was hailed by the critics as the first step on the foundation of a noble, pure, and exalted school of British composition. Mr. Mackenzie followed up his triumph by producing an oratorio, the "Rose of Sharon," for the Norwich Musical Festival of 1884. The effect of this work was electrical, and it was subsequently repeated in London and New York. Mr. Mackenzie is distinguished for a style characterized by a true melodic vein, exquisite taste, and skillful use of the resources of the orchestra. He has adopted the "leit-motive" system, but does not abuse it like so many other composers of the modern school.

MILLARD, Harrison, was born in Boston in 1830; from his earliest years he evinced not only a great love but an undoubted talent for music. His first appearance in public was at the tender age of four years, at Dr. Sharp's Baptist Church in Boston, when he was stood up high upon one of the benches in the Sunday-school room, and piped out old "Silver Street," the time-honored hymn, to the admiration of his fellows. At the age of eight he attended singing school for one winter, and was then already sufficiently proficient to read perfectly alto parts of almost any of the church tunes of the day. When but ten years old he joined the Handel and Haydn Society, and was for several seasons the leading contralto in the chorus, although a high pile of books had to be arranged as a pedestal

for his accommodation. In 1851 he went to Europe, and there spent three years in Italy and elsewhere, studying under the best masters, such as Romani, Mabellini and Mercadante. While in Italy he appeared in Italian opera, being highly spoken of by the press and public as a musical wonder, because he had come from the wilds of the United States. During two years in London he was engaged by the world-famous Jullien (who proved to him a most excellent friend) as his leading tenor in all his oratorio concerts held at Surry Garden. He also sang at Boosey & Co.'s Great Verdi Festival, at Exeter Hall, in company with such distinguished artists as Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Sims Reeves and Miss Weiss. After this he accompanied the celebrated Miss Catharine Hayes on her farewell tour through Ireland and Scotland, as tenor, with the great Lablanche as basso. He returned to Boston, his native city, in the autumn of 1854, having achieved these many successes before he had concluded his twenty-fourth year. He remained in Boston until 1858, frequently singing in public, giving lessons in his art, and in the Italian language, composing ballads and sacred pieces. In 1859, he made his first success as song-writer in the composition of our national air, "Vive l'America." It was a kind of prophetic inspiration, for at that time the war of the rebellion was undreamt of. Two years later he was marching to its music to take his place among the patriots. Mr. Millard served four years in the army, when having been severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, he was compelled reluctantly to resign his commission, and returned to New York. He wrote one other national song, almost, if not quite, as popular and well known, "Flag of the Free." The sales of these two songs have been enormous. As a general thing, Mr. Millard's compositions are too difficult for the masses, and obtain most favor in the concert hall and parlor, though sometimes he strikes the popular taste, as in "Under the Daisies," "Waiting," "When the Tide comes in," "After." These are but a few selected from a list of over three hundred. In sacred music he has also been very prolific, having composed many anthems, complete services for the Episcopal Church, several Te Deums, Grand Mass in G, and Vesper Service for the Roman Catholic Church, besides collections in book form; his compositions are much used in the churches. Mr. Millard has also finished a four act Italian opera, entitled "Deborah," founded on Mosenthal's play of the same name, but has not been produced as yet complete in public. It has been dedicated, by permission, to the King of Italy. His little parlor operetta, "Two can Play at that Game," is already quite popular, and having a steady sale. Singing at concerts and church, and attending to his daily duties at the Custom House, the number and excellence of Mr. Millard's compositions are certainly something remarkable. In personal appearance he is a little below the medium height, of light build, close cut iron-gray hair, dark mustache and imperial, and dark eyes. He is of genial disposition, a ready conversationalist, and popular with all who know him.

NEWCOMB, Robert, was born in New York about 1848. He is well known as a writer of popular songs, among which are "Sweet forget-me-not," "There's a light in the window." It is claimed he is the original author of "Love among the roses."

O'REARDON, Matt, a composer who died about two years ago, will be best called to mind by his chief successes, "The marriage bells" and "Our dream of love is o'er." His compositions are still a source of pleasure and enjoyment in many a Canadian and American home. Though gifted with remarkable natural talent and creative ability, he was entirely uncultivated in the art of music, and many of his works were produced through the aid and instrumentality of amanuenses.

ROOT, George F, composer and song writer, was born at Sheffield, Mass., in 1820. He was a music publisher in Chicago, and founded the firm of Root & Cady. He was a voluminous song writer, and also composed a number of cantatas, among those published being "Daniel," "Belshazzar's Feast," and "Pilgrim Fathers." He wrote the opera "The Haymakers," and a number of musical works, of which the best known are "Fire Queen," "Shawn," "Sabbath Bells," and "Triumph." The profits he derived from the last-named book amounted to \$40,000.

ROSENFELD, M. H., variously known under the *pseudonym* of F. Heiser and F. Belasco, was born in Richmond, Va., and is about twenty-eight years of age. He is the eldest of three sons, who are all more or less associated with the dramatic profession, and who all possess a degree of genius as writers and composers rarely found united in one family. He has achieved distinction in other fields of art than music, having attracted public attention as a playwright and a contributor to various magazines, his articles appearing over the assumed name of "Tobias Toothpick." The titles, designs and texts of his songs are exceedingly original. His predilection is apparently for the humorous style. Among the many popular songs he has produced are the famous "Climbing up the golden stairs," "Ring dat golden bell," "Hush, little baby, don't you cry," "I se gwine to weep no more," "Rooster in the barn," etc. His chief efforts have been the writing of songs for Lotta, Annie Pixley and other actresses of note.

SCANLAN, W. J., actor and song writer, was born at Springfield, Mass., February 14, 1856, of Irish parentage. When he was thirteen years of age, his parents removed to New York city, where he soon after commenced his career as a public entertainer. He sang at all the temperance halls of New York, until he became known as "Master Willie, the temperance boy-singer." At the age of seventeen he made his professional *debut* at the Olympic Theatre. He then commenced a tour of the United States, and during his travels made the acquaintance of William Cronin, who afterwards became his partner. As "Scanlan and Cronin" they played in all the principal cities of

the United States and Canada. Mr. Scanlan dissolved partnership with Cronin in 1877. He and Minnie Palmer subsequently starred with their own company through Canada and the United States for two years, in a musical farce entitled "Boarding School." He next associated himself with the popular American dramatist, Bartley Campbell, and created many character parts in the plays of this author. One of his most successful plays, "Friend and Foe," was written by Mr. Campbell. Mr. Scanlan has written many songs for light comedy and burlesque companies. "Peek-a-boo" has been his greatest hit with the general public, over half a million of copies having been sold. He receives six cents for every copy, and draws royalties from twenty-three songs. His latest compositions, "Peggy O'Moore," "My Nellie's Blue Eyes" and "What's in a Kiss" are becoming in great demand.

SKELLY, Joseph Paul, the popular song writer, was born June 29, 1850. He received his education in the public schools of New York city. Although his attention in early youth was directed to mechanical pursuits, he developed with his growth strong literary and musical instincts, and he seized every available opportunity of cultivating his taste in these directions. He soon connected himself with the New York press, and for several years regularly furnished articles to the newspapers and periodicals of that city. Finding it impossible to restrain his inclination for music, he next devoted his attention to composing songs, and during the past fifteen years has produced over one thousand pieces. He was singularly successful in hitting the public taste, and minstrel troupes and other vocal organizations have obtained from him many of their sweetest songs and their greatest successes. Although he has the reputation of being a remarkably gifted melodist, he did not neglect the study of the theory of music, harmony and composition, and his songs show that the knowledge thus acquired has been turned to practical account. Among the most popular of his songs are: "My pretty red rose," "The old rustic bridge," "By the mill," "A boy's best friend is his mother," "Little darling, dream of me," "Only as far as the gate," "My heart to thee is singing," "Come back to mother."

STEWART, James E., who died recently at the age of thirty-six years, was a native of Cincinnati. He was a brilliant and charming writer of songs of a certain *genre*, and many of his earliest productions are as fresh in the mind of the public as at the time at which they appeared. It is only necessary to cite "Jennie, the flower of Kildare," "Fairies watch o'er her cradle," "Only to see her face again," and the "Cricket on the hearth," as cases in point.

THOMAS, John R., writer and composer of English ballads and sacred songs, was born at Newport, South Wales, in the year 1830, and emigrated to the United States when quite a youth. All of his works have been published in the United States, a fact which has led to the popular belief that he is an American author. He appeared on the minstrel stage in New



Myron W. Whitney.



William A. Huntley.

York in his earliest years, but under an assumed name. He was subsequently a member of the Seguin English Opera Company, appearing as the *Count* in the "Bohemian Girl," and in many other roles. It was about this time that he commenced writing ballad music, although his persistent attention has been devoted to sacred music. Many of his songs, including "Bonny Eloise," "God bless you," "Cottage by the sea," and "Must we then meet as strangers," have for years enjoyed general popularity. Mr. Thomas is at present a resident of New York.

WESTENDORF, Thomas P. Among the promising composers of the United States is Mr. Westendorf. He began his musical studies in 1857, under Louis Staab, professor of the piano, and Henry Declercq, professor of the violin, with whom he made rapid progress as a performer of both instruments, at the same time acquiring considerable knowledge of wind instruments. Later he was appointed teacher of the brass band and of singing in the Reform School of Chicago. Here his efforts were crowned with success, the band of which he was the leader becoming famous throughout Illinois. As a composer, Mr. Westendorf might have dated lack much further than the time of his first published production, had it not been for his modesty, a quite natural trait with true genius. As a successful and versatile writer, he is equalled by few in this country. His songs and instrumental compositions have an exceedingly large sale, and seem to strike the popular fancy in an extraordinary degree.

WHITE, C. A., one of the most popular of American song composers, was born in Taunton, Mass., in 1832, and is descended from an old and honorable New England family. His boyhood and youth was spent upon his father's farm. As a child he showed unusual aptitude for music, and his love of the art strengthened with his growth. He has been a most prolific composer of songs, and has probably written more than any other American composer. Singularly successful in hitting the popular taste, his songs are known everywhere among English-speaking people. Among the most widely circulated of his songs are "Mother, take me home again," "Put me in my little bed," "Moonlight on the lake," and "Ise gwine to Dixie." His works are all published by the firm of which he is a member. Mr. White's period of productivity has by no means ended, as he still composes with his accustomed felicity of style.

WINNER, Joseph E., a popular song writer, best known under the *nom-de-plume* of "Eastburn," was born in Philadelphia. He exhibited a taste for music when a boy, and when twelve years of age had acquired sufficient mastery over the violin to play at public concerts. His first composition, the "Night Spirit Polka," he produced when sixteen years of age. He made his first popular hit with the song, "The Ring My Mother Wore," published in 1858. He has since then produced a large number of songs, many of which have achieved extraordinary success. The most noteworthy instance is his "How the Gates Came Ajar,"

which reached a sale of over half a million copies. Mr. Winner has composed many instrumental pieces of a light and pleasing character. At the present time (1886) he is carrying on the music business in Philadelphia.

WINNER, Septimus, one of the most popular American writers and composers of songs, was born in Philadelphia, May 11, 1827. He commenced his career as a cow-boy in Wyoming Valley, but the duties not being to his taste, he deserted his post and returned home. He then studied at the Philadelphia High School for two years, and about this time commenced the practice of the violin, and became so enamored of the instrument that he went to a prominent musician of the city for instruction. He received only four months' instruction, but nevertheless made such satisfactory progress that when twenty years of age he became a member of an orchestra, which he afterwards led as *chef d'attaque*. He found the position ultimately one of musical drudgery, and when about twenty-five years of age he opened a music store, while devoting his spare time to teaching the violin, guitar and pianoforte. In 1850 he wrote and composed his first song, "How sweet are the roses," and, encouraged by the success, produced "What is home without a mother," which had an enormous sale. These songs and many others he wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of "Alice Hawthorne." Then followed "Listen to the mocking bird," a song that became universally popular, and reached a sale of 140,000 copies. It has been since arranged in countless ways for all sorts of instruments, and is still a favorite with miscellaneous audiences. Mr. Winner is a most prolific composer, and his songs, both sentimental and humorous, number several hundred. He has also written instruction books for various instruments, and has in all over two thousand arrangements for violin, piano, guitar, etc. These are all in great demand, being sold in all the cities and towns of the United States and Canada.

Additional Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Composers and Vocalists.

BEEBE, Miss Henrietta, is a native of New York City, and was born in December, 1844. Her musical training was begun in her fourteenth year, under the charge of the celebrated Dr. C. A. Guilmette. At the age of sixteen she made her first public appearance, singing the "Creation" in a manner that caused astonishment by its intelligence and facility. Visiting Europe, Miss Beebe studied for three years with Sig. Perini of Milan for the purpose of acquiring the Italian method. Later, she continued her studies under Signor A. Randegger, in London, where she made a protracted stay and appeared at the Monday Popular Concerts, Crystal Palace, and other first class musical entertainments, with marked success, receiving the public approbation of Sir Michael Costa, Sir Julius Benedict, and other well-known and esteemed musicians.

CANDIDUS, Herr Wilhelm. About the year 1860 a young man working in his father's piano keyboard factory in Philadelphia, having a rooted objection to the business, enlisted and served with considerable distinction in the Army of the Potomac. This young man was none other than Wilhelm Candidus. When "tired of war's alarms," he went to New York and joined the more peaceable ranks of the Arion and Liederkrantz Societies, when he became conscious that he was the possessor of a fine tenor voice. The fact becoming public, he was asked to undertake the role of *Max*, on the occasion of a performance of "Der Freischütz," given by the Arion at the Academy of Music, in 1867. He made an emphatic "hit," and resolved to adopt the vocal profession, going to Europe for the purpose. He fulfilled engagements at Weimar, Munich, Berlin and Hamburg, and a year later sang in Her Majesty's Opera House in London. Afterwards he was principal tenor at the Opera House Frankfort-on-the-Main.

GEIBEL, Adam, was born in the little village of Neienheim, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, September 15, 1855. He became blind in early childhood. In 1862 his parents removed to Philadelphia. Two years later, Adam, then but nine years of age, was admitted to the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind, where he remained eight years as a pupil, and afterwards was appointed an assistant teacher of the violin and organ. He resigned this position in 1875. While at this institution he studied harmony and composition with the able organist and director of St. Stephen's Church, Mr. D. D. Wood. His first composition was written and published in March, 1874; this was followed by others, until his works at present number several hundreds, both instrumental and vocal. That Mr. Geibel has made rapid progress in the musical world is evident from the increased demand for his compositions; he bids fair to rank with the best writers of the day. Among his more recent compositions which are eliciting marked attention are his famous waltz-song, "Orange blossoms," "Row, boatmen, row," quartette, "When the swallows come again," vocal, "The storm at sea," "L'Esperance valse de concert," several sonatinas, etc. There is no writer in America who gives promise of a more brilliant future than Adam Geibel.

GILCHRIST, William Wallace, was born in Jersey City, January 8, 1846. His parents removed to Philadelphia when he was nine years of age. Here he received his musical education, and has always been identified with its musical interests, except for one year (1871-1872), when he resided in Cincinnati. He is director of several vocal societies, and has a local reputation as a vocalist, possessing an excellent and flexible baritone voice. As a composer he has universal fame, having achieved the Cincinnati Festival prize of 1882, the judges being Carl Reinecke (Leipsic), Camille Saint-Saens (Paris) and Theodore Thomas. In 1881 Mr. Gilchrist won three prizes offered by the Mendelssohn Club of New York, for compositions of various styles for male voice.

HAUCK, Minnie, born in New York, November 16, 1852, made her first appearance at a concert in New Orleans about 1865. She was then placed under the care of Signor Enani, in New York, and made her *début* on the stage of that city, as *Amina*, in 1868. After a successful tour in the States, with a large repertoire of characters, she went to London, and appeared at Covent Garden as *Amina* (October 26, 1868), and *Margherita*. In 1869 she was engaged by the Grand Opera, Vienna, and sang there and at Moscow, Berlin, Paris and Brussels, with great success, for several years, in a large range of parts. On April 27, 1878, she reappeared at her Majesty's, as *Violetta* in "Traviata." She sustained the part of *Carmen* in Bezet's opera of that name, at Brussels, and on its production in London by Mr. Mapleson, at Her Majesty's, on June 22, thus making the success of the piece, which had not pleased in Paris, and showing herself to be not only a high-class singer, but also possessed of no ordinary dramatic power. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, of great force and richness, and she is said to sing Italian, German, French and Hungarian with equal facility.

KELLOGG, Clara Louise, was born in Sumterville, South Carolina, in July, 1842, and is of northern extraction. Her mother had considerable talent as a musician. Clara was the only child. In 1856 they removed to New York, where she received her musical education. She made her first appearance there at the Academy of Music (Opera) as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto," in 1861, and sang that season ten or twelve times. November 2, 1867, she made her *début* in London, at her Majesty's, as *Margherita*; she sang constantly, and was re-engaged for the next year. From 1868 to 1872 she was touring in the United States. She reappeared in London on May 11, 1872, at Drury Lane, Her Majesty's Opera, as *Linda*, and sang during that season also as *Gilda*. On her return to the United States she continued to sing in Italian Opera till 1874, at which time she organized an English Troupe, herself superintending the translation of the words, the *mise en scene*, the training of the singers, and the rehearsals of the chorus. Such was her devotion to the project, that in the winter of 1874-75 she sang no fewer than 125 nights. She is said to be familiar with 35 Operas; her musical gifts are great. Miss Kellogg has great conscientiousness as an artist, full of ardent enthusiasm, and a voice of great compass and purity; in addition to which she has a remarkable talent for business, and is never so happy as when she is doing a good or benevolent action.

LITTA, Marie, born June 1, 1856, in Bloomington, Ill. Her parents were natural musicians, and, when very young, Litta gave concerts under the management of her father. She went to Europe in 1874 to complete her studies, and filled many successful engagements while there. Returned after an absence of four years, and made her *début* in opera at Chicago.

OSGOOD, Mrs. E. Aline. This favorite soprano is a Bostonian. As a girl she exhibited unusual fondness for music, and never tired of singing ballads, etc.,



Tom Karl.



William Carlsten.

which she rendered in a charmingly unassuming and attractive manner. Her parents were somewhat unwilling that she should adopt a public career, but, finally yielding, she appeared for two years in connection with the concerts of the Beethoven Quintet Club. In 1874 Mrs. Osgood went to London, where she pursued her studies under Randegger, and in 1875 was allotted a share in the soli work at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. Her success was speedily established, and during the past few years she has occupied the position of the leading oratorio soprano in England, taking a prominent part in nearly all important performances of the kind. She is also in great request as a ballad singer.

THURSBY, Miss Emma C., is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., and although still youthful, holds a place in the affections of the American people, stronger, perhaps, than is enjoyed by any other singer in the country. She is a pupil of Mme. Rudersdorff and Signor Errani. Her voice is a pure, sweet, fresh soprano, and her compass is from *G in alt*, to *A* below the staff. For Sunday services in the Tabernacle Church of New York, she received a salary of \$3000. Strakosch agreed to give her \$100,000 for three years' singing in concert and oratorio. She made her *debut* in Boston, in 1870, since which time she has sung in all parts of America and Europe with great success. She is of *petite* figure, with a very expressive face, and a most charming and modest bearing. She absolutely refuses to appear upon the stage in opera. Her recent successes abroad have been all that her earlier career promised.

VALLERIA, Alwina, *née* Lohman (now Mrs. Hutchinson). A popular American soprano vocalist, who for some years has been settled in London, and has met with great success in the Mapleson Company. Pupil of Mr. T. A. Wallworth. She married in 1879. Her fine voice and admirable style are much appreciated. Her present engagement with Manager Abbey promises to greatly increase her popularity.

VAN ZANDT, Marie, is the daughter of Madame Jennie Van Zandt, who was for many years a prominent member of the Kellogg Opera Company, and the granddaughter of the celebrated magician and ventriloquist, Signor Blitz. She studied music in Europe, where she made her first public appearance, and at

once established herself as a favorite. Her greatest triumphs have been gained in Paris, especially in the roles of "Mignon" and "Lakme," the latter being written for her. Although eminently successful, greater prominence is predicted for this thorough *artiste*.

VICKERS, George M., was born in Philadelphia, Pa., January 8th, 1841. As a writer of song-poems, this gentleman has no superior either in this country or in Europe. His poems possess a degree of grace and originality that not only gives them a peculiar beauty, but also insures their almost immediate popularity. He is a perfect master of the art of versification, and few, if any, of his writings fail to give evidence of his rare poetical talent. Among his more noted poems which have been set to music by popular writers, may be mentioned "The Fisherman's Bride," "Six o'Clock," "Twilight on the Sea," "Orange Blossoms," "By the Old Cathedral," "The Robber's Dream," besides "The Proudest Ships," "Why, Why, O Sea?" in his libretto of "The Lightkeeper's Daughter," and "Ah, Love's a Rose," "Now that We've Met Again," and "Sweetest Blossoms of the Spring," in the libretto of "Nora," of which he is also the author. Mr. Vickers has written considerably more than two hundred poems, upon subjects ranging from the most humorous to those embodying the most touching pathos. His descriptive pieces are universally admired.

WHITNEY, Mr. Myron W. The magnificent voice and cultured style of Mr. Whitney render him a tower of strength on all important musical occasions. As an oratorio singer he has but few rivals and no superiors. His legitimate rendering of anything intrusted to him is worthy of special eulogy, especially in an age when tradition is decried as being unworthy of consideration in this age of musical progress. Mr. Whitney is a New Englander, hailing from Ashley, Mass., where, in 1836, he first saw the light. He was first heard at a Christmas performance of the "Messiah," given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston. Since that time he has assisted at almost every important oratorio performance in this country, and enjoys a widely extended popularity, which he has worthily earned. In 1871 he visited England, and achieved a notable success in London, particularly at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society. He was also intrusted with the part of *Elijah* at the Birmingham Festival in 1871, and "won golden opinions from all sorts of people."

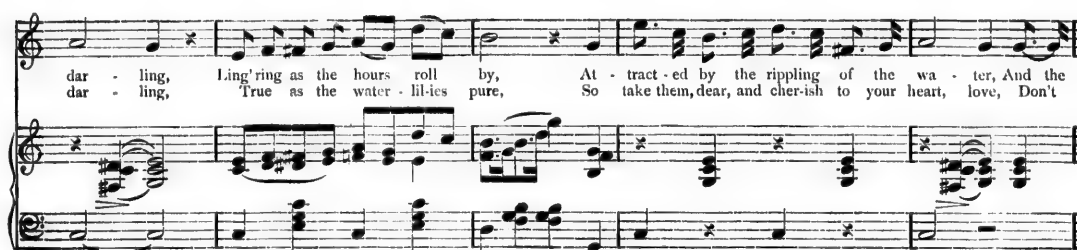


PRETTY POND LILIES.

17

Words and Music by LILLIE HALL.

Tempo di Valse.



PRETTY POND LILIES. CONCLUDED.

SOLO OR DUET.

Pret - ty pond - lil - ies I've plucked for you, Fresh from the wa - ters spark - ling with dew; Take them from

me as a to - ken so true, Pret - ty pond lil - ies I've brought un - to you. Tra la

oh, he ho, oh, he ho, oh, he ho, Ho, he ho!.....

(Warbling.)

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled 'Pretty Pond Lilies'. It is marked 'SOLO OR DUET'. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part has two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The first system includes the lyrics 'Pret - ty pond - lil - ies I've plucked for you, Fresh from the wa - ters spark - ling with dew; Take them from'. The second system includes 'me as a to - ken so true, Pret - ty pond lil - ies I've brought un - to you. Tra la'. The third system includes 'oh, he ho, oh, he ho, oh, he ho, Ho, he ho!.....'. There is a '(Warbling.)' instruction above the final part of the third system. The score concludes with a double bar line.

THE HANDFULL OF EARTH.

Composed by C. G. LOCKWOOD.

1. It's sail - ing I
2. And won't the poor

am, at the dawn of the day, To my broth - er that's o - ver the
Ind, in his ex - ile be glad, When he sees the brave pres - ent I

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled 'The Handfull of Earth'. It is composed by C. G. Lockwood. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part has two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The first system includes the lyrics '1. It's sail - ing I' and '2. And won't the poor'. The second system includes 'am, at the dawn of the day, To my broth - er that's o - ver the' and 'Ind, in his ex - ile be glad, When he sees the brave pres - ent I'. The score concludes with a double bar line.

THE HANDFULL OF EARTH. CONCLUDED.

19

sea..... But it's lit - tle I'll care, for my life a - ny - where, For it's
bring..... And won't there be flow'rs, from this treas - ure of ours, In the

break - ing my poor heart will be..... But a treas - ure I'll take for ould
warmth of the beau - ti - ful spring..... Oh! E - rin Ma - 'chree! tho' it's

Ire - - land's sake, That I'll prize all be long - ing a - bove, It's a
part - ing we be, It's a bless - ing I leave on your shore, And your

hand - full of earth, from the land of my birth, From the heart of the land that I
moun - tains and streams, I will see in my dreams, 'Till I cross to my coun - try once

love.....
more.....

SOME DAY I'LL WANDER BACK AGAIN.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by WM. A. HUNTLEY.

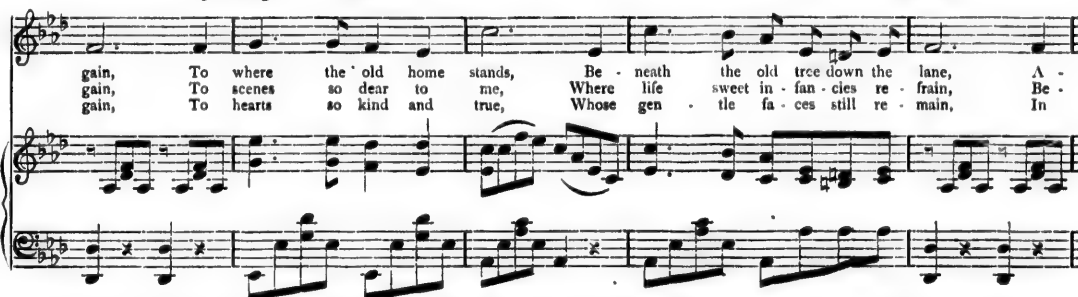
Andante.



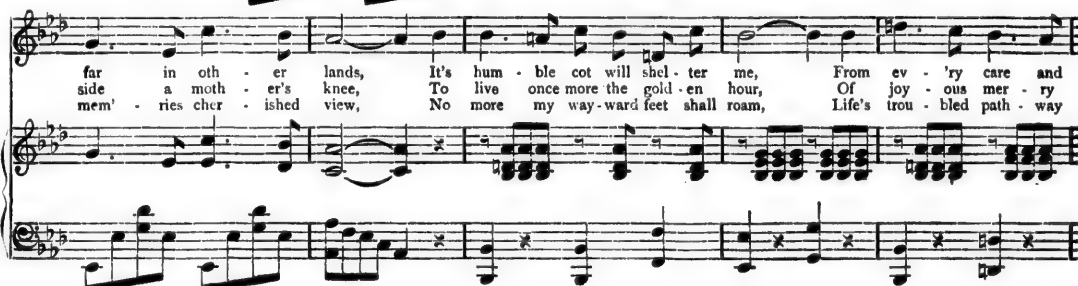
Con espres.



1. Some day I'll wan - der back a -
2. Some day I'll wan - der back a -
3. Some day I'll wan - der back a -



gain, To where the old home stands, Be - neath the old tree down the lane, A -
gain, To scenes so dear to me, Where life sweet in - fan - cies re - frain, Be -
gain, To hearts so kind and true, Whose gen - tle fa - ces still re - main, In



far in oth - er lands, It's hum - ble cot will shel - ter me, From ev - 'ry care and
side a moth - er's knee, To live once more the gold - en hour, Of joy - ous mer - ry
mem' - ries cher - ished view, No more my way - ward feet shall roam, Life's trou - bled path - way



pain,..... And life be sweet as sweet can be,..... When I am home a - gain.....
play,..... No thorns but on - ly sweet est flowers,..... There in life's mer - ry way.....
o'er,..... But in the life and love of home,..... I'll rest me ev - er - more.....

SOME DAY I'LL WANDER BACK AGAIN. CONCLUDED.

21

Chorus.
SOPRANO. gain,..... be,.....
ALTO. I'll wan - der back, yes, back a - gain, yes, back a - gain, Where child - hood's home may childhood's home may be, For
TENOR.
BASS. I'll wan - der back, yes, back a - gain, yes, back a - gain Where child - hood's home may, childhood's home may be, For

mem - o - ry in sweet re - frain, in sweet re - frain, Still sings its praise to me, its praise to me.
 mem - o - ry in sweet re - frain, in sweet re - frain, Still sings its praise, to me, its praise to me.

ONLY A DREAM OF MY MOTHER.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.

INTRODUCTION.
 Moderato, with feeling.

1. On - ly a dream of my Moth - er, Vis - ion of dear - est de - light,..... Cheer - ing my heart as no
 2. On - ly a dream of my Moth - er, And the old home ev - er dear,..... Com - ing my sad tears to
 3. On - ly a dream of my Moth - er, On - ly a dream that is all,..... Wake me not for there's no

ONLY A DREAM OF MY MOTHER. CONCLUDED.



oth - er,..... Thro' all the long wea - ry night..... Lin - ger with me in thy glad - ness, Till I shall
smoth - er,..... Com - ing my sad heart to cheer..... Call - ing back days gone for - ev - er, When I was
oth - er,..... An - swer - ing mem - o - ry's call..... Let me sleep on, sweet - ly dream - ing, That her dear



see her a - gain..... Wak - ing would bring me but sad - ness, Lin - ger and keep me from pain.....
close by her side..... Will they re - turn to me nev - er? Long for their com - ing I've sighed.....
arms round me twine..... With her dear eyes on me beam - ing, Speak - ing love ev - er di - vine.....

Chorus.
SOPRANO.



ALTO.
On - ly a dream of my Moth - - er, Vis - ion of dear - est de - light.....
TENOR.
On - ly a dream of my Moth - - er, Vis - ion of dear - est de - light.....
BASS.
On - ly a dream of my Moth - - er, Vis - ion of dear - est de - light.....



Cheer - ing my heart as no oth - - er, Thro' all the long wea - ry night, wea - ry night,
Cheer - ing my heart as no oth - - er, Thro' all the long wea - ry night, wea - ry night.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

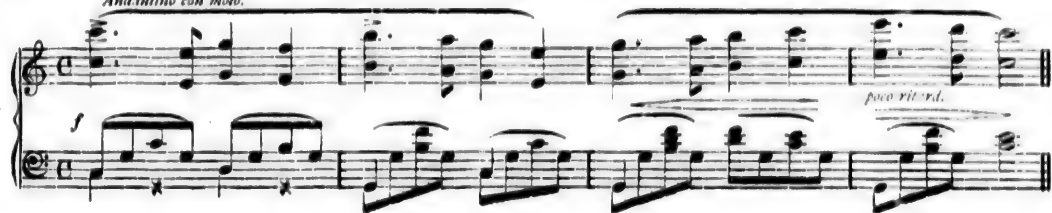
23

Poetry by WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

BALLAD.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Andantino con moto.



ten.

1. Bless - ings on the hand of Wom - an! An - gels guard its strength and grace
 2. In - fan - cy's the ten - der foun - tain; Pow - er may with beau - ty flow;
 3. Wom - an, how di - vine your mis - sion Here up - on our na - tal sod!
 4. Dar - ling girls, with E - den mu - sic Ring - ing yet in each young heart,
 5. Bless - ings on the hand of Wom - an! Fa - thers, sons, and laugh - ters cry,

colla voce.

In the pal - ace, cot - tage, hov - el, O, no mat - ter where the place! Would that nev - er storms as -
 Moth - ers first to guide the stream - lets; From them souls un - rest - ing grow! Grow on for the good or
 Keep, O keep the child - soul o - pen Al - ways to the breath of God! 'All true tro - phies of the
 Learn and treas - ure house - hold knowl - edge, Pre - cious in Life's fu - ture part When you'll too, ex - ult - ing
 And the sa - cred song is min - gled With the wor - ship in the sky, Min - gles where no tem - pest

ritard. a tempo. dolce.

sailed it; Rain - bows ev - er gent - ly curled;..... For the hand that rocks the cra - dle
 e - vil, Sun - shine stream'd or dark - ness hurled;..... For the hand that rocks the cra - dle
 a - ges Are from Moth - er Love im - pearled;..... For the hand that rocks the cra - dle
 moth - ers, Brave - ly boyed and gen - tly girl'd;..... For the hand that rocks the cra - dle
 dark - ens, Rain - bows ev - er more are curled;..... For the hand that rocks the cra - dle

cres. rall.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD. CONCLUDED.

cres. *f ten.* *ritard.*

Is the hand that rocks the world, For the hand that rocks the cra - die Is the hand that

cres. *ten.* *ritard.*

espress.

rocks the world.

mf *poco ritard.*

IS THAT MR. REILLY?

SONG AND CHORUS.

PAT. ROONEY.

Moderato.

f

1. I'm Ter - ence O' Reil - ly, I'm a man of re - nown, I'm a thor - ough-bred to the back - bone;.....
 2. I'd have noth - ing but Ir - ish - men on the po - lice, Patrick's Day will be the Fourth of Ju - ly;.....

I'm re - la - ted to O' Con - nor, my moth - er was Queen Of Chi - na, ten miles from Ath - lone;.....
 I'd get me a thous - and in - fer - nal ma - chines To teach the Chi - nese how to die;.....

IS THAT MR. REILLY? CONCLUDED.

25

..... But if they'd let me be, I'd have Ire-land free, On the rail-roads you would pay no fare,.....
 I'll de-fend workmen's cause, Man-u-fact-ure the laws, New York would be swimming in wine,.....

..... I'd have the U-nit-ed States un-der my thumb, And I'd sleep in the Pres-i-dent's chair,.....
 A hun-dred a day, will be ver-y small pay, When the White House and Cap-i-tol are mine,.....

Chorus.
p 2d time f
 Is that Mis-ter Reil-ly, can an-y one tell? Is that Mis-ter Reil-ly that owns the ho-tel? Well if

f
 that's Mis-ter Reil-ly, they speak of so high-ly, Well up-on my soul Reil-ly, you're do-ing quite well. well.

Dance. Slow.

SPOKEN. After 1st Verse.—I was walking across the Atlantic Ocean the other day, and as I was coming in the dock a fellow says:—*Chorus.*

4 After 2d Verse.—As I was walking quietly along the Elevated Railroad the other day, a gang of people below hollered up:—*Chorus.*

D.C.

ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM.

Words by E. E. REXFORD.

Music by FRANK HOWARD.

INTRODUCTION.
Lively.

Unison. *rit.*

Tempo di Waltz.

Ab!..... 'Tis on - ly a pan - - sy blos - som,.....

On - ly a with - ered flower,..... Yet to me far dear - er..... Than

all in earth's fair bower;..... Bring - ing me back the June - time..... Of a

cres - cen - do. sum - mer long o go,..... The fair - est, sun - ni - est sum - mer..... That

ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM. CONTINUED.

27

I shall ev - er know..... Oft from this pale, dead blos - som,.....

I see a fair face start,..... A face like a sweet wild flow - er,.....

ritard. Out of its fa - ded heart..... *tempo. p* Ah!..... 'Tis

SOPRANO. Chorus.

ALTO.

On - ly a pan - sy blos - som,..... On - ly a wither - ed flower,.....

1ST & 2D TENOR.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

1ST & 2D BASS.

Um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um.

(Um is the syllable commonly used for the Bass parts in vocal accompaniments, but the syllable La may be used if preferred.)

Yet to me far dear - er..... Than all in earth's fair bower;.....

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um,

Bring - ing me back the June - time..... Of a sum - mer long a - go..... The

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um,

fair - est sun - ni - est sum - mer..... that I shall ev - er know.....

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um,

ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM CONCLUDED.

29

R.H. *Accellerando.* L.H.

On - - - ly a pan - sy..... I gath - ered at her feet..... Fad - - - ed, un -

p *cres - cen -*

like the love that made that sum - mer sweet; Still in this pan - - sy blos - som.....

do. *lento.*

Her ten - der face I see, From un - der the church - yard grass - es.....

ritard. *tempo.* *ritard.* *tempo.*

Bring - ing her back to me..... Ah!..... 'Tis

ritard. *D.S.* *D.S.*

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

By H. P. DANKS.

Legato.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear

be, friend A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee! Ashamed of Thee, Whom an - gels praise, Whose glor - ies
On Whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend? No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no

shine through end - less days? Ashamed of Je - sus! soon - er, far, Let night dis - own each ra - diant
more re - vere His name. Ashamed of Je - sus! emp - ty pride; I'll boast a Sav - iour cru - ci -

star. 'Tis mid - night with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid dark - ness flee, Ashamed of
fied. And, oh, may this my por - tion be, My Sav - iour not ashamed of me! Je - sus and

Je - sus! Oh, as soon Let morn - ing blush to own the sun? He sheds the beams of light di -
shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of

vine O'er this benight - ed soul of mine. Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days!

The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, and features a melodic line with a repeat sign and a second ending. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time, and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

ONLY TO SEE THEE AGAIN.

Words by ANNIE M. CURTIS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

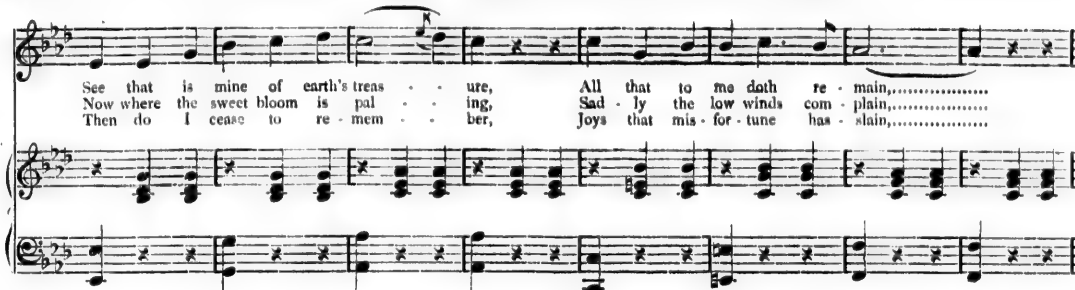
Con espressione.
mf

1. What would I give to be near thee, Once more thy form to en - fold?.....
 2. Long time it is since I miss'd you, Down where the dai - sies are white,.....
 3. Some - times in dreams we are tread - ing, Paths that we trod oft be - fore,.....

What would I give just to hear thee, Whis - per my name as of old?.....
 Long time it is since I kiss'd you, Un - der the moon's sil - ver light,.....
 Fond eyes their glo - ry are shed - ding, Sweet lips my lost hopes re - store,.....

The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time, and features a melodic line with a repeat sign and a second ending. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 4/4 time, and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

ONLY TO SEE THEE AGAIN. CONCLUDED.



See that is mine of earth's treas - ure, All that to me doth re - main,.....
 Now where the sweet bloom is pal - ing, Sad - ly the low winds com - plain,.....
 Then do I cease to re - mem - ber, Joys that mis - for - tune has - slain,.....



Free - ly I'd give for the pleas - ure, On - ly to see thee a - gain,.....
 Still is my pray'r un - a - vail - ing, On - ly to see thee a - gain,.....
 Ah, that sad wak - ing from slum - ber, Nev - er to see thee a - gain,.....

Chorus.
 SOPRANO.



ALTO.
 Sad - ly the days come and go love, All life's sweet pleas - ures are vain,.....

TENOR.
 Sad - ly the days come and go love, All life's sweet pleas - ures are vain,.....

BASS.
 Sad - ly the days come and go love, All life's sweet pleas - ures are vain,.....



None oth - er joy can I know love, On - ly to see thee a - gain,.....

None oth - er joy can I know love, On - ly to see thee a - gain,.....

CALL ME BACK AGAIN.

Written by O. E. HENNIG.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Composed by W. D. HENDRICKSON.

p

1. You said good - bye, the part - ing words were spok - en, I leave you now, per - haps 'tis bet - ter
 2. You've left me now, I nev - er more will see you, Those hap - py days of old must now de -
 3. I dreamt last night a pret - ty lit - tle star - ling Came soft - ly tap - ping on my win - dow

p

so, I gave you back each ten - der lit - tle to - ken, And far a - cross the seas then I may
 part, The true fond love I once be - stowed up - on you, Has flown a - way from me like cu - pid's
 blind, And in its bill a mes - sage from my dar - ling Which said that you'd re - called those words un -

go, Oh, can it be, from love you have re - leased me, And that my love has always been in vain, Ah when your
 dart, Oh, yes, 'tis so, from love you have re - leased me, Such dreary thoughts have caused me grief and pain, I love you
 kind, And in my heart love ne'er can be a stran - ger, So dreary thoughts have ceased to give me pain, I love you

love has con - quered pride and an - ger, I know that you will call me back a - gain.
 still, such love will live for - ev - er, I know that you will call me back a - gain.
 still, such love will live for - ev - er, I knew that you would call me back a - gain.

5

CALL ME BACK AGAIN. CONCLUDED.

Chorus.
f SOPRANO.
 ALTO.
 Call me back a - gain, Call me back a - gain, Ah! when your
 TENOR.
 BASS.

love has con - quered pride and an - ger, I know that you will call me back a - gain.

MOONLIGHT AT KILLARNEY.

Written and Composed by WILLIAM J. SCANLAN.

mf **f**

1. The moon was shin - ing.
 2. 'Tis by the mar - gin.

p

MOONLIGHT AT KILLARNEY. CONCLUDED.

35

on the lake, The stars shone from a - bove;..... Gaz - ing on the water, My
of the lake, The flat - ties have been won;..... Not by spear or sword, But

heart was filled with love;..... There I met my dar - ling, Whose eyes with joy did
blar - ney of the tongue;..... She I know be - lieved me, As stars shone from a -

beam;..... As gent - ly I spoke to her, Of young love's sweet - est dream;.....
bove;..... She gent - ly smiled up - on me, While whis - p'ring words of love;.....

pp Chorus.
Moon - light at Kil - lar - ney; While stars shone from a - bove;..... Oh what bliss a lov - ing kiss, From

pp
2
hearts that beat with love; Oh! Oh! what bliss a lov - ing kiss, From hearts that beat with love;.....

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN!

Words by H. ASHLAND KEAN.

SOPRANO OR TENOR.

Moderato. *deciso e con gioia.* *a tempo.*

He sail'd a way at break of day The

mf *eguale.* *colla voce.* *tempo rubato.*

leggero.

skies were blue and fair, He kiss'd his bon-nie hand to me, With heart as light as

f *ad lib.* *pomposo.*

air! "Hark ye!" he cried, "go watch the tide, As it com-eth up to

stento. *f* *sf* *colla voce.*

deciso. *cres.* *e con espress.* *deciso e f*

Lynn; For foul or fair, I will be there: When the flow-ing tide comes in!"

cres. *f* *colla voce.* *eguale.*

f

eguale e tranquillo. *sf* *sempre cres.*

I watched the clouds that came in crowds, Like flocks of e - vil

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN! CONTINUED.

37

poco. *diminuendo.*

birds,..... My heart sank low with bit - ter woe Re - memb'ring Don - ald's words, Re - memb'ring Don - ald's

mf

suddenly ff ad lib. *molto affretto.* *implorando e con affetto.*

words. "O God!" I creel; and none be - side Knew the grief my heart with - in! "Oh! give me back my

f *stento.*

molto espress.

bon-nie lad,—None else my love can win! Oh! give me back my bon-nie lad, When the flow - ing tide comes

con espress. *rall.*

in, When the flow - ing tide comes in."

f *colla voce.* *eguale.*

f con espansione. *p con espress.*

A - cross the strand far up the land, The fierce wild wa - ters swept! Laid at my feet, a bur-den

pp *f* *stent.* *pp* *colla voce.*

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN!. CONCLUDED.

pp *con affetto.* *p* *delicato.*

sweet, With smile as if he slept! I could not weep, so soft his sleep,..... For fear 'twould wak - en

p *pp colla voce.* *p*

pp quasi parlando. *ppp con espress.* *tranquillo.*

him! I could not weep, so soft his sleep,..... For fear 'twould waken him! Peace,— let him

pp colla voce.

a stento. *a tempo.*

rest, peace,— let him rest, God know-eth best! And the flow - ing tide comes

a stento. *a tempo.*

con molto espress.

in, The flow - ing tide comes in! Peace,— let him rest,

con dolore. ff *stento a piacere. ten. ad lib.*

God knoweth best! And the flow - ing tide comes in.....

ff con espress. *eguale e dimin. sempre a la FINE.* *ppp FINE*

Pol.

TAKE ME, JAMIE DEAR.

39

Composed by J. W. BISCHOFF.

Alligro. *Tempo di Valse.*

f *p*

mf

1. Such a lad you are for woo-ing, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear, That I'm
 2. And in fact I've been a think-ing, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear, While I've

con espress.

wea - ry with your sue - ing, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear. Take me, dar - ling,
 watched the bright stars wink - ing, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear. Noth - er can - not

cres.

if you love me, Take me, and may heav'n a - bove me, Hold me faith - ful while I'm
 do with - out me, Fa - ther anx - ious seems a - bout me, I must sin - gle stay, I

8va. *8va.* *cres.*

f *dolce.*

here, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear. Do I love you? ah! you know it,

f *p*

TAKE ME, JAMIE DEAR CONTINUED.

Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear, For your sau - cy man - ners show it, Ja - mie, Ja - mie

dear. You are much too sure you've got me,

And it's now I've just be - thought me, I'll not mar - ry

for a year, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear. Ah!.....

fear, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear. Would you die if I'd for - sake you,

TAKE ME, JAMIE DEAR. CONCLUDED.

41

con moto.

Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear? No such fate shall e'er o'er - take you, Ja - mie,

Ja - mie dear,..... *f* For my place is ev - er nigh you, And I said it

slento.

but to try you, Take me, make me thine for - ev - er, Ja - mie, Ja - mie dear,

f

HOPE BEYOND.

C. A. WHITE.

Adagio. SOLO FOR BASS OR ALTO.

DUET FOR EQUAL VOICES.

Andante.

No hope be-yond, no hope be-yond, You say there is no hope be-yond, No

God, 'no fu - ture for man. Oh, broth-er there is a liv - ing God,..... Serve Him while you can. Broth-er,

HOPE BEYOND. CONTINUED.

is it some sad re-morse That has driv'n you to this great de-spair? Oh my -broth - er, my broth - er, had our

agilato. *cres.* *con.* *do.* *ff tremolo.*

poor moth-er no hopes be - yond? And our fa - - ther, our dear fa - - ther, can it be that he was shunned?

p *rit.*

Duet.
TENOR.
Broth-er, all the world seems cold and drear; Shall we live a - gain a - bove the sod? There is

BASS.
What! with friend so near? There's a liv - ing God,

hope, Yes, be - yond, yes, there's hope..... be - yond.

Yes, be - yond, There is hope, yes, there's hope..... be - yond.

HOPE BEYOND. CONCLUDED.

43

Andante. TENOR.

Ma - ny long, wea - ry days have I wan - d'ered, With my heart filled with grief and de -

spair, But the dark cloud of doubt now is wan - ing, And my griefs I will now try to

TENOR. BASS. bear. Yes, this life we'll en - joy while we can,..... Let us shrink not from du - ty and

right; Tho' to - day life may look dark and drear - y, But to - mor - row the sun may be

bright; Tho' to - day life may look dark and drear - y, But to - mor - row the sun will be bright.

If sung by Soprano and Alto, use the word "Sister" instead of "Brother."

AH, DON'T COME A WOOING.

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

Allegretto scherzando.

1. Ah, don't come a woo-ing with your
 2. O 'tis I am my moth-er's
 3. Ah, don't come a talk-ing of the

long, long face, And your long-er purse be-hind, I'm a bright young girl, and I know my place, And I think I know my
 heart's de-light, And my fa-ther's right hand brave, Would I leave my home so free and bright, To be a rich man's
 cares of life, My head is gold not gray; And it's my de-sire to be no man's wife, At least not just to-

mind. I like to laugh, and to dance and sing, And to tease my pa-rents dear, My
 slave, Would I buy my-self a gown of silk In a grand dull house to pine, When I've
 day. But I've a heart and its warm and true, And I'll keep it safe at ease, And if

broth-ers call me a "tire-some thing;" But I know they'd miss me here.....
 boys to play with and cows to milk, And the whole fair world is mine?.....
 one I love should come to woo, I'll give it when I please.....

So don't come a woo-ing with your long, long face, And your long-er purse be-hind: I'm a bright young girl, and I

colla voce. *f* *mf* *a tempo.* *cres.*

know my place, And I think I know my mind.

The musical score for 'AH, DON'T COME A WOOING. CONCLUDED.' features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It includes dynamic markings of *mf* and *f*. The piano accompaniment is written for both hands, with the right hand in treble clef and the left in bass clef. It includes dynamic markings of *mf* and *f*. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

IN GATHERING ROSES LOOK OUT FOR THE THORNS.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

Moderato.

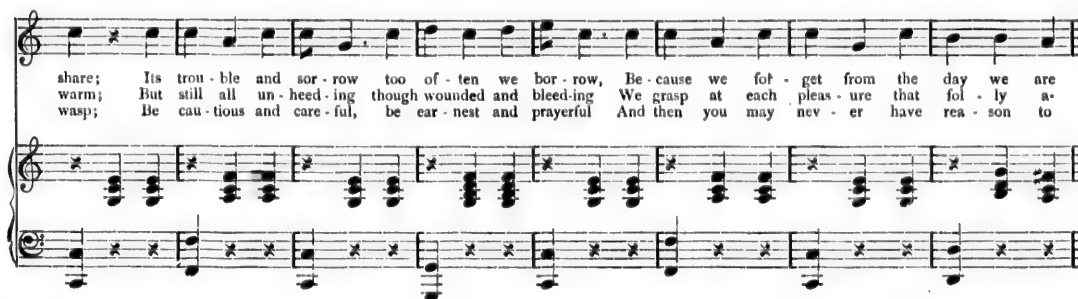
mf

1. This world with its pleas - ures, its gold and its treas - ure, Is not quite so bad if we'd
 2. Thro' all the glad hours we gath - er life's flow - ers, Nor think of the dan - gers that
 3. Be - ware, then my broth - er, you may be an - oth - er, Whose hand is too read - y to

on - ly be - ware, We might be en - joy - ing much that we're de - stroy - ing Of blessings that constant - ly fall to our
 lie 'neath their charm, And of - ten our fol - ly will bring mel - an - chol - y, To dark - en the days that are sun - ny and
 hold in its grasp The flow - ers of pleas - ure, and count them a treas - ure, Un - til you are sung by the close - hid - den

The musical score for 'IN GATHERING ROSES LOOK OUT FOR THE THORNS.' is in 3/4 time and features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It includes dynamic markings of *mf* and *f*. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It includes dynamic markings of *mf* and *f*. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

46 IN GATHERING ROSES LOOK OUT FOR THE THORNS. CONCLUDED.



share; Its trou-ble and sor-row too of-ten we bor-row, Be-cause we for-get from the day we are
warm; But still all un-heed-ing though wounded and bleed-ing We grasp at each pleas-ure that fol-ly a-
wasp; Be cau-tious and care-ful, be ear-nest and prayerful And then you may nev-er have rea-son to




born, As wild-ly we're stray-ing this old fashioned say-ing, In gath-er-ing ro-ses look out for the thorns.
dorns, As mad-ly we're stray-ing for-get-ting this say-ing, In gath-er-ing ro-ses look out for the thorns.
mourn, No lon-ger there stray-ing re-memb'ring this say-ing, In gath-er-ing ro-ses look out for the thorns.

SOPRANO. Chorus ad lib.



ALTO.
Tho' charmed by their beau-ty for-get not this du-ty, Or else you may sometime have rea-son to mourn; As
TENOR.
BASS.



wild-ly you're stray-ing for-get-ting this say-ing, In gath-er-ing ro-ses look out for the thorns.

SWEET VIOLETS.

Composed and Sung by J. K. EMMET in "Fritz among the Gypsies."

Andante.

mf

1. Sweet vi - o - lets,..... Sweet - er than all the ro - ses; La - - dened with fra - grance,
 2. Sweet vi - o - lets,..... Rest - ing in Beau - ty's bow - er, Crouched all un - no - ticed,

mf

Spark - ling with the dew,..... Sweet vi - o - lets,..... From mos - sy dell and riv - u - let,
 I did pluck that flower;..... Sweet vi - o - lets,..... Still look - ing up to heav - en;
Chorus.—Sweet vi - o - lets,..... Sweet - er than all the ro - - - ses,

Zil - lah, dar - ling one, I plucked them and brought them to you..... Oh, Zil - lah, stay,.....
 Zil - lah, dar - ling one, I plucked them, my dar - ling, for you..... Oh, Zil - lah, stay,.....
 Zil - lah, dar - ling one, I plucked them and brought them to you.....

cres.

D.S. Chorus. 8:

Go not a - way,..... Vi - o - lets are bloom - ing, Love, for you a - lone; Oh!
 Go not a - way,..... Vi - o - lets are bloom - ing, Love, for you to - day: Oh!

D.S. Chorus. 8:

DRIVEN FROM HOME. CONCLUDED.

49



ress, Fa - ther - less, moth - er - less, sad - ly I roam, A child of mis - for - tune, I'm driv - en from home.
 door, Turn a deaf ear, there's no one will come To help a poor wan - der - er, Driv - en from home.
 me, I'll wan - der a - bout till his mes - sen - ger comes To lead me to fa - ther and moth - er at home.

Chorus.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.



No one to help me, No one to bless, No one to pit - y me, None to ca - res;



ritard.
 Fa - ther - less, moth - er - less, sad - ly I roam, Nursed by my pov - er - ty, Driv - en from home.
 Fa - ther - less, moth - er - less, sad - ly I roam, Nursed by my pov - er - ty, Driv - en from home.
ritard.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

WALTZ SONG.

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

Tempo di Valse.

p *rall. dim.* *p*

1. Hark, Hark! gai ly the bells are
2. Far, Far o - ver the dis - tant

ring - ing, Some one is hap - py to - day;..... Each sound joy to fond hearts is bring -
moun - tain Rip - ple your sweet chimes a - way;..... While I here by the flow - ing foun -

ing, Ring on ye proud bells so gay: For me hope gives no ray To light my var - y
tain Min - gle my tears with its spray: Ring out each sil - ver bell, O brite I 't you

mf *p*

way, The dream of love has flown,..... I bear my grief a - lone,..... The blossoms I wreath'd a -
well! Your or - ange buds so fair,..... Guard well, and guard with care,..... The blossoms I wreath'd a -

mf *p*

bout my brow, Tho' beau - ti - ful once are fad - ed now; Ah,..... Ah!..... false, false was
bout my brow, Tho' beau - ti - ful once are fad - ed

mf *dim.* *p*

he— Poor,..... peer,..... peer, fool - ish me!

ad lib. *a tempo.*

mf *colla voce.* *a tempo. cres.* *p*

now; { Ah, Ah! false was he..... } False was he,
 Poor, poor, fool - ish me.....

p *cres.* *dim.* *cres.*

false was he, Ah..... false was he, fool - ish me! fool - ish me! Ah!.....

f *cres.* *cres.* *cres.* *marc.*

f *riten.* *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

Poor, fool - ish me!

f *riten.* *a tempo.* *f*

THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

Composed by

SONG AND CHORUS.

WILLIAM D. HENDRICKSON.

SYMPHONY.

Moderato. dolce.

p *f* *p*

1. A Span-ish cav-a-lier stood in his re-treat, And on his gui-tar play'd a tune, dear, The
 2. I am off to the war, to the war I must go, To fight for my coun-try and you, dear, But
 3. And when the war is o'er to you I'll re-turn; Back to my coun-try and you, dear, But

p *f* *p*

f

mu-sic so sweet, they'd oft-times re-peat, The bless-ing of my coun-try and you, dear.
 if I should fall in vain I would call, The bless-ing of my coun-try and you, dear.
 if I be slain you may seek me in vain; Up-on the bat-tle-field you will find me.

f

THE SPANISH CAVALIER. CONCLUDED.

53

Chorus.
f **SOPRANO.**
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a - way, Some - times you may think of me, dear,

Bright sun - ny days will soon fade a - way, Re - mem - ber what I say and be true, dear,

f **p** **D.S.**

GOOD BYE MAVOURNEEN.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

Moderato con espress.

f *rit. e dim.*

1. Good bye Ma-vour - neen
 2. Good bye Ma-vour - neen
 3. Good bye Ma-vour - neen

now we must part, O - ver the o - cean I'll still think of thee, And thy sweet face will live in my heart,
 one fond embrace, E'er I de - part from old E - rin's green shore, One lov - ing smile from your beau - ti - ful face,
 do not de - spair, I will return from the land of the free, When I have found a home ov - er there,

GOOD BYE MAVOURNEEN. CONCLUDED.

Oh! then Ma-vour - neen be true, true to me, When I'm a-way in that far dis-tant land, Wand'ring mid strangers so
 Sweet as the smiles I have seen there be-fore, Nev - er a-gain by the Shannon we'll roam, Oh, how my heart clings to
 I'll come and ask you to share it with me, Here in my bo-som this pledge I will keep, 'Tis but a leaf of the

sad and a-lone, Of-ten I'll sigh for a clasp of your hand, I'll sigh for the love that you say is my own.
 E - rin and thee, Ne'er will I ban-ish the love of my home, Dear to my heart will her name ev - er be,
 Shamrock so green, And ev' - ry night when I lay down to sleep, I'll kiss it and think of my, lit - tle Col-leen,

Chorus.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.
 Good bye Ma-vour - neen now we must part, O - ver the o - cean I'll still think of thee,
 TENOR.
 BASS.

And thy sweet face will live in my heart, Oh then Ma-vour - neen be true, true to me.
 rit.
 rit.
 rit.

ONLY A LITTLE TOKEN.

Words by MINNIE B. LOWRIE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Gravioso.

1. On - ly a lit - tle to - ken, Of friendship rare and
 2. Tho' small may be the to - ken, If giv - en from the
 3. Life's stream is gent - ly flow - ing, Our boats now side by

mf

true, Will serve our hearts to com - fort, Our faith and trust re - new; Of life we of - ten
 heart, Will bind the ties oft bro - ken, And hap - pi - ness im - part; A bunch of with - er'd
 side, In years to come, the cur - rent, A - part may have them glide; 'Tis then a lit - tle

wea - ry, What e'er that life may be, We need the warmth of friendship Our hearts from care to free.
 flow - ers, A cur - ling tress of hair, Brings back the hap - py hours When life seems bright and fair.
 to - ken Of friendship seems so dear, A lan - guage sweet un - spoken, Our hearts can ev - er cheer.

Chorus.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.
 On - ly a lit - tle to - ken, Of friendship rare and sweet, Will thrill our heart with gladness, When e'er its sight we greet, we greet.

TENOR.
 On - ly a lit - tle to - ken Of friendship rare and sweet, Will thrill our hearts with gladness, When e'er its sight we greet.

BASS.

WHEN THE ROBINS NEST AGAIN.

Words and Music by

WALTZ SONG.

FRANK HOWARD.

ff dim *in* *en*

I will re - turn, he said to me; I will come back, my love, to

do. *p* *mf*

thee;..... When na - ture smiles, on land and sea, I will re - turn a - gain to thee. *Sva.....*

mp *mp* *mf*

Refrain.

Sva..... When the Rob - ins nest a - gain,..... And the

p *mp*

rall.

flow - ers are in bloom,..... When the spring - time's sun - ny smile,..... Seems to ban - ish all

WHEN THE ROBINS NEST AGAIN. CONTINUED.

57

a tempo.

sor - row and gloom,..... Then my bon - nie blue - eyed lad,..... If my heart is

mp

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'a tempo.' and the dynamics are 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The lyrics are 'sor - row and gloom,..... Then my bon - nie blue - eyed lad,..... If my heart is'.

true 'till then,..... Has prom - ised he'll re - turn to me, when the Rob - ins

f

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The dynamics are marked 'f' (forte). The lyrics are 'true 'till then,..... Has prom - ised he'll re - turn to me, when the Rob - ins'.

nest a - gain..... Life seems so bright when in thought I'm with thee, Come love,—

Go to

FINE.

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the first phrase with the lyrics 'nest a - gain..... Life seems so bright when in thought I'm with thee, Come love,—'. It includes a 'Go to' instruction with a coda symbol and a 'FINE.' marking. The piano part has a more active accompaniment.

has - ten,— come back to me; We'll build our nest with the Rob - ins in spring-time, Don - ald! re -

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts with the lyrics 'has - ten,— come back to me; We'll build our nest with the Rob - ins in spring-time, Don - ald! re -'.

turn, love, to me.....

rit. *D.S. Refrain.* *CODA.*

The fifth system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with the lyrics 'turn, love, to me.....'. It includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking, a 'D.S. Refrain.' instruction, and a 'CODA.' section marked with a coda symbol. The piano part features a final, more active accompaniment.

WHEN THE ROBINS NEST AGAIN. CONCLUDED.

1st time 8va.

mf

2

Moderato e sostenuto.

Last night in a dream,..... I saw his proud ship wreck'd at sea,.....

2

8va.

accel. *rall.* *a tempo.*

..... And I felt that my heart's dear love,..... Could nev - er come back to me,..... But the

spring - time and Rob - ins will come,..... And with them the brav - est of men,.....

8va.....

rall. *a tempo.* *D. C. Refrain al Fine.*

8va..... *loco.*

For his last words were, dar - ling, I'll meet you,..... When the Rob - ins nest a - gain.....

"PEEK-A-BOO!"

59

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

WM. J. SCANLAN.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, starting with a *mf* dynamic. The left hand plays a bass line with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a *rall.* marking.

The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

1. On a cold win-ter's ev'-ning, when bus'-ness is done, And to your home you re-tire,..... What a
 2. Oh, my heart's al-ways light when at home with my wife, There joy and peace ev-er reign;..... With my
 3. When the sun-shine of youth fades, and age bends us low,— Joys, like the birds, flown a-way;..... Then the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same accompaniment pattern.

pleas-ure it is to have a bright bouncing boy, One whom you love to ad-mire; You hug him, and kiss him, you
 boy on my knee I'm as hap-py as can be, I nev-er knew care or pain; He's pret-ty, he's gen-tle, he's
 smiles of our chil-dren ev-er bright-en the path, Lead-ing where loved ones do stray. The mu-sic and laugh-ter we

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same accompaniment pattern.

press him to your heart, What joy to your bo-som'twill bring; Then you place him on the car-pet, And you'll
 kind, and he is good, And ev-'ry-thing nice, him I bring; Oh, if he at-tempts to cry When
 ev-er love to hear, Will beam like a rain-bow in Spring; By the fire-side at night, With our

The final system includes a *rall.* marking and a *Tempo di Valse.* section. The piano part features a waltz-like accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody concludes with a *colla voce.* marking.

hide be-hind the chair, And to please him you'll commence to sing:..... Peek-a-boo!
 I am stand-ing by, Just to please him I commence to sing:.....
 hearts so free and light, We will list-en while our children sing:.....

colla voce. *p, 2d time ff*

"PEEK-A-BOO!" CONCLUDED.

peek - a - boo! Come from be - hind the chair;..... Peek - a - boo!

peek - a - boo! I see you hid - ing there, Oh! you ras - cal. there.

f *D.C.*

BY-AND-BY YOU WILL FORGET ME.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by WM. A. HUNTLEY.

Andante.

1. By - and - by you will for-
2. By - and - by you will for-

get me, When my face is far from thee;..... And the day when first you met me
get me, When our dream of love is o'er;..... And the voice that use to pet me

On - ly lives in mem - o - ry..... For, 'mid oth - er scenes and pleas - ures, Near - er joys my heart shall
At my side is heard no more..... Lone - ly then I'll sit and pon - der, And my quivered lips shall

sway..... And my love, like child-ish measures, Will be toss'd and thrown a - way.....
say..... By - and - by you will for - get me, By - and - by when far a - way.....

Chorus.

Sweet the hour when first I met you, Sad the hour my lips shall say.....
SOPR'O.
ALTO. Sweet the hour when first I met you, first I met you, Sad the hour my lips shall say,.... lips shall say,
TENOR.
BASS. Sweet the hour when first I met you, first I met you, Sad the hour my lips shall say,..... lips shall say,

By - and - by you will for - get me, By - and - by when far a - way.....
By - and - by you will for - get me, will for - get me, By - and - by when far a - way, far a - way,
will for - get me, By - and - by when far a - way, far a - way,

COMMITTED TO THE DEEP.

Words by GEO. RUSSELL JACKSON.

Music by C. A. WHITE.

INTRODUCTION.
Andante.

1. "Our
2. "O
3. "Deep
4. "One

mess - mate in his ham - mock lay, The death - dew on his brow,..... And heard the dash - ing
sink me deep be - neath the surge, Of an - gry, heav - ing waves,..... And mer - maids fair shall
si - lence reigns up - on the ship, The flag at half mast flies,..... We mus - ter at the
last look at our mess - mate brave, Then o'er the ves - sel's side,..... We low'd him to his

of the spray A - gainst the ves - sel's prow:..... " My life is ebbing fast he said,..... Kind
chant my dirge In o - cean's cor - al caves,..... No vil - lage bell shall toll for me,..... No
gang - way slip, Where dead our mess - mate lies,..... We stand with heads un - cov - ered there,..... While
lone - ly grave, Be - neath the surg - ing tide,..... Deep in his si - lent o - cean bed,..... Our

mess - mates do not weep,..... When I am laid in o - cean's bed,..... Com - mit - ted to the
gen - tle maid - en weep,..... Deep in the sea my grave shall be,..... Com - mit - ted to the
chill winds round us sweep,..... With sol - emn air re - cite the prayer,..... Com - mit - ted to the
mess - mate brave shall sleep,..... 'Till the last trump shall wake the dead,..... Com - mit - ted to the

COMMITTED TO THE DEEP. CONCLUDED.

63

Refrain.

deep, When I am laid in o - cean's bed, Com - mit - ted to the deep, "Our
 deep, Deep in the sea my grave shall be, Com - mit - ted to the deep,
 deep, With sol - emn air re - cite the pray'r, Com - mit - ted to the deep,
 deep, 'Till the last trump shall wake the dead, Com - mit - ted to the deep."

Chanting style. (If preferred may be omitted till last verse.)

Fa - ther, Who art in Heaven, Hallow'd be Thy Name, Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done, on earth, in

a tempo.
 heav'n the same. We pray the Lord his soul to keep, Com - mit - ted to the deep,"..... "We

pray the Lord his soul to keep, Com - mit - ted to the deep,".....

MEDITATION.

pp
rall - en - tando.

TAKE ME BACK TO HOME AND MOTHER.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by WILLIAM A. HUNTLEY

Andante.

con espress.

1. Take me back to home and moth - er, I am wea - ry wand'ring
 2. Take me back to home and moth - er, To the hap - py scenes of
 3. Take me back to home and moth - er, Gen - tle words will greet me

here, There can nev - er be an oth - er Spot on earth that is so dear.
 yore, Friends of childhood, sis - ter, broth - er, Long to wel - come me once more.
 there, For on earth there is no oth - er Kind - ness like a moth - er's care.

Tho' I roam 'mid scenes of splen - dor, Yet my heart is fill'd with pain,
 I can hear their voi - ces ring - ing, In sweet mem - o - ry's re - frain—
 Life is but a dream of pleas - ure, Sweet - est hours must turn to pain,

And a long - ing, sad and ten - der, Whis - pers take me back a - gain.
 To the past my heart is cling - ing, On - ly take me back a - gain.
 Home is all I have to treas - ure, On - ly take me back a - gain.

TAKE ME BACK TO HOME AND MOTHER. CONCLUDED.

65

Chorus.

SOPR'O. Take me back to home and moth - er, For my heart is fill'd with pain,.....

ALTO. Take me home to moth - er, For my heart is fill'd with pain, is fill'd with pain.

TENOR.

BASS. Take me home to moth - er, Heart is fill'd with pain

Take me back to home and moth - er, On - ly take me back a - gain,.....

Take me back to moth - er, On - ly take me back a - gain, yes, back a - gain.

Take me home to moth - er, On - ly take me back a - gain, yes, back a - gain.

MR. MULCAHEY ESQUIRE.

Words and Music by C. FRANK HORN.

Tempo di Valze.

f

1. From An - trim I came, Mul - cah - ey's my name, With Den - nis in front do you see,.....

2. With a good in - tent On pol - i - tics bent, I call'd at the White House one day,.....

3. Tho' good at a speech, I did o - ver - reach My - self one fine even - ing just past,.....

p

9

I'm a man of fine style, You'd trav-el a mile, And not find an-oth-er like me.....
 But the man at the door, Told me with a roar, That the "Micks" must keep out of the way.....
 When in ac-cents quite loud, I said to the crowd, "My friends we are liv-ing too fast.".....

To great-ness I al-ways as-pire,..... And I think I will reach my de-sire,.....
 But him down the steps I did fire,..... Where I hope he got o-ver his ire,.....
 But the pro-ple cried out, you're a li-ar,..... As they tram-pled me in-to the mire,.....

On ac-count of my tone I al-ways am known, As Mis-ter Mul-cah-ey Es-quire.....
 When Cleve-land I spied, "Ar-rah, Gro-ver," I cried, I am Mis-ter Mul-cah-ey Es-quire.....
 Then some one a-lack! Put this card on my back, This is Mis-ter Mul-cah-ey Es-quire.....

Chorus.
 Gay and free, there's none like me, In so-ci-e-ty no one stands high-er,..... And the

peo-ple cry as I pass by, There goes Mis-ter Mul-cah-ey Es-quire.....

O LOVING HEART, TRUST ON.

67

Words by HENRY C. WATSON.

Music by L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

Andante moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

The first vocal entry begins with the lyrics "There are thoughts which seem to come from Heaven To calm all". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The second vocal entry begins with the lyrics "pain, all pain and strife, As dew falls on the parched flow'r To nurture it, to nourish it to". The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note patterns.

The third vocal entry begins with the lyrics "life.....There came to me a hap - py thought, One morn, when hope seemed gone: It whisper'd". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte) and *dim.* (diminuendo).

A short piano accompaniment section labeled "OSTA." (ostinato), consisting of a few chords in the right hand and a single note in the left hand.

The final vocal entry begins with the lyrics "low, in ac - cents sweet, It whisper'd low, in ac - cents sweet, O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *cres.* (crescendo), *animato.* (animato), *p rit.* (piano ritardando), and *un poco piu lento.* (un poco più lento). The section concludes with the word *armonioso.* (armonioso).

O LOVING HEART, TRUST ON. CONTINUED.

on, One true heart beats for you a - lone. O lov - ing heart, trust on, trust on, O lov - ing

OSSIA.
rit.

heart, . . . trust on, . . . trust on.

f rit.

heart, trust on, trust on.

f rit.

p very quiet.

That hap - py

thought shed o'er my life..... A bright, a bright and joy - ful ray, As sunlight gilds the night's dim

clouds, Ere breaks, ere breaks the glor-ious day,..... My soul is bath-ed in sun-shine, All

f *dim.*

gloom-y dreams are gone, For that hap-py thought, that hap-py thought, that hap-py

f

OSSIA. *rit.*
thought..... still..... whispers, O lov-ing

rit. p

thought still..... whispers, O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust on, One true heart beats for you. a -

Armonioso. dim.

p rit. f

OSSIA. *rit.*
heart,.... trust on,.... trust on.

rit.

lone. O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust on, O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust on.

f rit.

READ THE ANSWER IN THE STARS.

Words by SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

Music by C. MILLÖCKER.

Allegro.

1. The tricks of love we can't ex-plain, Love comes and then it

goes, And why it comes and why it goes, no hu-man creature knows, That once you thought I loved but you, I ful-ly comprehend, And

1ST VOICE. *Moderato.* 2D VOICE. ex-plain, 3D VOICE. do tell,

what is more I thought so too, And yet we see, the end. a-las! Oh, dear! who can love's methods show? I

colla voce. *p*

1ST VOICE. can't, don't know, what makes love come and go? Why do we love un-til we burn and then don't love a

2D VOICE. nor I, Why do we love un-til we burn and then don't love a

3D VOICE. go on, Why do we love un-til we burn and then don't love a

Allegretto.

jot? Read the an - swer in the stars, we mor - tals know it not, Read the an - swer in the

jot? Read the an - swer in the stars, we mor - tals know it not, Read the an - swer in the

jot? Read the an - swer in the stars, we mor - tals know it not, Read the an - swer in the

Allegretto.

f pp

Dance. Allegro.

stars, we mor - tals know it not.

stars, we mor - tals know it not.

stars, we mor - tals know it not.

Dance. Allegro.

ff

D.S.

2.
Now all young men who go to woo, hark to my counsel wise;
Don't argue with your sweethearts true, or gaze into their eyes;
For some eyes roll and some eyes squint, some glances shoot and stab.
Don't wait for eyes to give the hint, but shut your own and grab;
"Oh, dear!" etc. Don't ask her, yes, or no;
"That's cool!" etc. Just take her swiftly so;
For girls in love are funny things, whom do they love and what?
Read the answer in the stars, we mortals know it not.

3.
I knew a man who always preached about the temperance cause,
Exhorting sinners to abstain and join his sober cause.
Cold water was the drink for him, he praised it morn and night;
Cold water was his soothing balm, for every appetite;
"And yet!" etc. Why did he roll his head?
"And why!" etc. Why was his nose so red?
What did he mix the water with, until it got so hot!
Read the answer in the stars, we mortals know it not.

4.
The roller-skate, the roller-skate, oh, let me roll and whirl,
From early morn 'till evening late, until I win my girl;
For at the rink the man on wheels can trap the maiden fair,
And he who rolls his handsome heels is rich beyond compare.
"Explain!" etc. Who's got the coachman's place?
"I will," etc. The skater with such grace.
Where will it end, this rinking craze, what new traps will they set?
Read the answer in the stars, they have no rinks there yet!

5.
The small boy seized his base-ball bat, he cried "well let her come!"
The base-ball flew the small boy flopped, it knocked him deaf and dumb;
He rallied, though, with one eye out, he gave his spine a rub.
Said he "I'm not dead yet, I b'long to the New York Base Ball Club.
"Ha! ha!" etc. This is a game of grace,
"Indeed!" etc. Although we call it base.
But when home runs are all run out, where shall we look for sport?
Read the answer in the stars, there all "short stops" stop short.

SUPPOSING.

Composed by J. W. BISCHOFF.

Allegro.

mf

1. Sup - pos - ing a man av - a - ri - cious and old, Should
 2. Sup - pos - ing a he - ro all brist - ling with fame, And

p

come to me jing - ling his sil - ver and gold, And of - fer a share of his mammon to me, If I to the sale of my -
 big with the weight of a won - der - ful name, Pro - posed, in a mo - ment of bland condescension, To give me his hand and a

self would'a - gree, I would-n't, would you? I would-n't, would you?
 lit - tle attention, I would-n't, would you? I would-n't, would you?

p *mf* *p* *f*

Con espressione.

3. Sup - pos - ing a youth, with his heart in his eyes, That

Andante.

shone like the light of the beau - ti - ful skies, Would prom - ise to love me through all his glad life, And

tempo. beg that I'd be his own dear lit - tle wife, *a tempo.* Guess I would, would-n't you? Guess ' would, would-n't you? I

colla voce. would, would-n't you?

piu mosso.

"A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER."

Words by HARRY MILLER.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Andante.

mp

dim.

1. While plod - ding on our way the toil - some road of life, How few the friends that dai - ly there we
2. Tho' all the world may frown and ev - 'ry friend de - part, She nev - er will for - sake us in our
3. Her fond and gen - tle face not long may greet us here, Then cheer her with our kind - ness and our

10

"A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER." CONCLUDED.

meet!..... Not ma-ny will stand by in trouble and in strife, With coun-sel and af-fec-tion ev-er sweet!..... But
 need!..... Our ref-uge ev-er-more is still with-in her heart, For us her lov-ing sym-pa-thy will plead!..... Her
 love!..... Re-mem-ber at her knee in childhood bright and dear, We heard her voice, like an-gels from a-bove!..... Tho'

there is one whose smile will ev-er on us beam, Whose love is dear-er far than an-y oth-er!..... And where-
 pure and gen-tle smile, for ev-er cheers our way, 'Tis sweet-er, and 'tis pur-er than all oth-er!..... When she
 af-ter years may bring, their glad-ness or their woe, Her love is sweet-er far than an-y oth-er!..... And our

ev-er we may turn, This les-son we will learn, A boy's best friend is his moth-er.....
 goes from earth a-way, We'll find out while we stray, A boy's best friend is his moth-er.....
 long-ing heart will learn, Where ev-er we may turn, A boy's best friend is his moth-er.....

colla voce. *rall.*

Chorus.

Then cher-ish her with care, And smooth her sil-v'ry hair, When gone you will nev-er get an-oth-er!..... And where-

colla voce.

ev-er we may turn, This les-son we will learn, A boy's best friend is his moth-er.....

rall.

WHEN 'TIS MOONLIGHT.

75

Words and Music by
SOPRANO.

WALTZ SONG.

C. A. WHITE.

Tempo di Valse.

Ah,.....

ad lib. *Tempo di Valse.*

Ah,..... Ah,..... Ah,..... Ah,..... When 'tis moon - light, when 'tis

Sua.....

colla voce.

star - light, I will meet thee, and I will bring to thee sweetest flow - ers From the wood - land,

From the wood - land o'er the lea..... Ah,..... ye birds of

Sua.....

spring, Tell..... what joys ye bring, Mer - ry birds, happy birds, joy - ous

Sua.....

WHEN 'TIS MOONLIGHT. CONTINUED.

birds, birds of spring, Ah, when 'tis wood - land o'er the

lea. Long have I wait - ed here for thy com -

ing, Oft - en in doubt my poor heart sank with - in me;

Hope I must cher - ish Though life may per - ish,

'Tis but a vis - ion of sor - row that nev - er can be;

WHEN 'TIS MOONLIGHT. CONTINUED.

77

'Tis.....but a vis - ion of sor - row nev - er can be.

Ah!.....When 'tis

Tempo.
moon - light, when 'tis star - light, I will meet thee and I will bring to thee sweet - est

flow - ers from the wood - land, from the wood - land o'er the lea, Ah,.....

WHEN 'TIS MOONLIGHT, CONCLUDED.

ah... ah... ah... ah...

accl. ff

8va

I'LL AWAIT MY LOVE.

Words and Music by FRANK HOWARD.

Andante con espressione.

mf

f

1. She stood a - lone on the
2. She stood a - lone on the

rall *dim.*

shore... Her eyes grew dim with tears... As she kissed her hand to me... Per -
shore... With heav - y heart so sad... While her soul went out in pray'r... For

I'LL AWAIT MY LOVE. CONCLUDED.

79

happened the last for years..... She watched the sails un-furl..... Then breathed her vows a -
her dear sail - or lad..... With trem - bling voice she cried..... "Oh! God! I pray to

f new!..... While faint - ly I could hear..... The sweet words, "I'll be true,"..... The
Thee!..... To shield my dar - ling boy..... From storm and wreck at sea!..... The

rall.

colla voce.

winds bring out to sea, This song from her..... to me.....
winds bring out to sea, This song from her..... to me.....

Tempo di Valse.

I'll a - wait my love, I'll a - wait my love, And I'll be as true as the stars a - bove, I'll a -

p

cres wait my love, *cen* I'll a - wait my love,..... *do.* *f* I'll a - wait my sail - or boy.....

cres *cen* *do.*

HELLO! BAB-BY.

As sung in EDWARD HARRIGAN'S Comic Play: "INVESTIGATION."

Words by EDW. HARRIGAN.

SONG AND DANCE.

Music by DAVE BRAHAM.

1. Ear - ly in de morn - ing when de sun do rise,
 2. Buy a lit - tle wag - on, roll de Bab - by out,
 3. Buy him lit - tle slip - pers, cov - er up his toes,

Ly - ing on a corn - cob bed, Bab - by roll - ing o - ver, ha - zel col - ored eyes,
 Let him swal - low good, fresh air; Feed him on ba - na - nas, neb - er hab de gout,
 Keep him from de frost and cold; Sit him by de hot fire, don't you freeze his nose,

Lit - tle kin - key, wool - ly head; Mam - my is a doz - ing, dream - ing of de bliss, I'm think - ing of de day a - com - ing
 Yel - low rib - bon in his hair; Jo - nah is his name - sake, liv - ing in de whale, A float - ing roun' de o - cean in a
 On - ly twen - ty - two months old; Bring him up a Bab - tist, make him go to church, Oh, rare him like a Pos - som on a

on; Oh, come a - long, my cher - ub, give your Pop a kiss, Bless de day that he was born.
 storm; Oh, shout - ing, hap - py neighbors, hail - a, hail - a, hail, Bless de day that he was born.
 farm; Oh, give him plen - ty gum - drops, bet - ter than de birch, Bless de day that he was born.

HELLO! BAB-BY. CONCLUDED.

81

Hel - lo! Bab - by, Here's your Dad - dy!

p *f* *p* *f*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*).

Up and down he goes! You black pic - a - nin - ny from old Vir - gin - ny, Good - ness, how he

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*).

grows! Black pic - a - nin - ny from old Vir - gin - ny, Good - ness, how he grows!

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*).

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*).

1 2 *rit.* *D.C.*

11

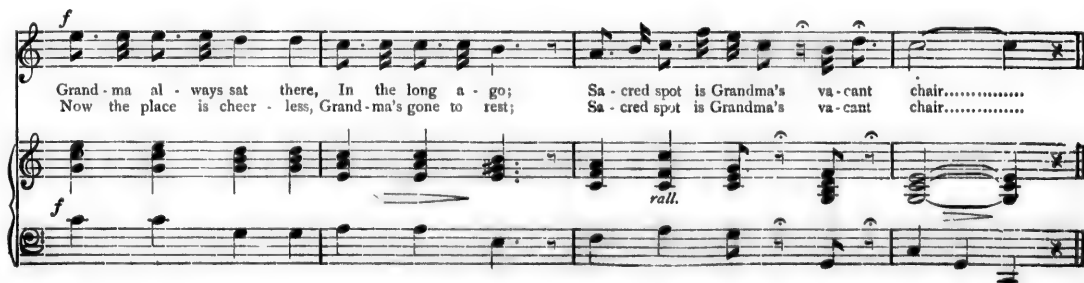
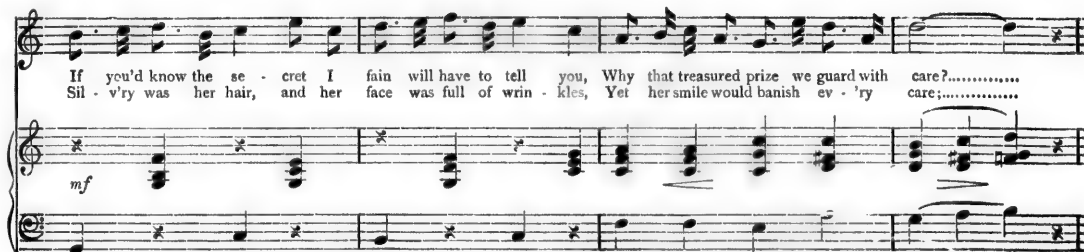
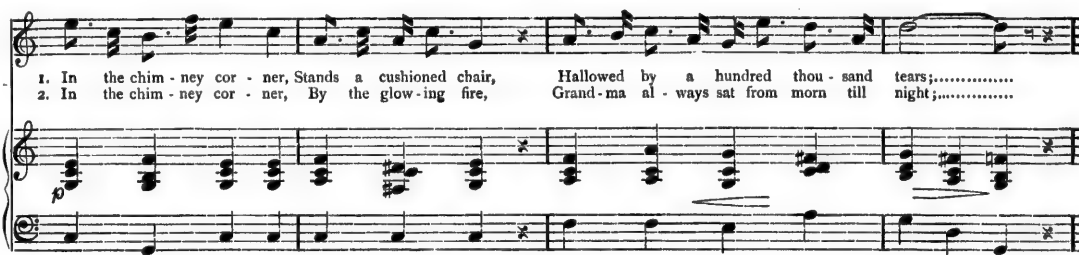
This system contains the ninth and tenth staves of music. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*). The system ends with a double bar line and the instruction *D.C.* (Da Capo). A page number 11 is visible at the bottom left.

GRANDMA'S VACANT CHAIR.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

HARRY KENNEDY.



GRANDMA'S VACANT CHAIR. CONCLUDED.

83

SOPRANO.
In the chim - ney cor - ner, By the glow - ing fire. Oft I've lisped my lit - tle even - ing prayer,.....

ALTO.
In the chim - ney cor - ner, By the glow - ing fire. Oft I've lisped my lit - tle even - ing prayer,.....

TENOR.
In the chim - ney cor - ner, By the glow - ing fire. Oft I've lisped my lit - tle even - ing prayer,.....

BASS.
In the chim - ney cor - ner, By the glow - ing fire. Oft I've lisped my lit - tle even - ing prayer,.....

f Mem - 'ry's rec - ol - lec - tion, Tears of love in - spire, *rall.* Sa - cred spot is Grandma's va - cant chair.

f Mem - 'ry's rec - ol - lec - tion, Tears of love in - spire, *rall.* Sa - cred spot is Grandma's va - cant chair.

f Mem - 'ry's rec - ol - lec - tion, Tears of love in - spire, *rall.* Sa - cred spot is Grandma's va - cant chair.

"CLIMBING UP DE GOLDEN STAIRS."

GREAT JUBILEE SONG.

F. HEISER.

mf *f*

1. Come all you lit - tle nig - gers, Now
2. Old Sa - tan's not the dan - dy, To
3. Go tell the Jer - sey Lil - y, The

"CLIMBING UP DE GOLDEN STAIRS." CONCLUDED.

watch your cues and figures,— Climbing up de gold - en stairs,..... If they think you are a dude, They will treat you rather rude,
 feed you on mix'd candy,— Climbing up de gold - en stairs,..... But he'll give you brimstone hot, And he'll choke you on de spot,
 sights would knock her silly,— Climbing up de gold - en stairs,..... And tell John L. Sul - h - van, He must be a bet - ter man,

Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... Ole Pe - ter look'd so wick - ed, When I ask'd him for a tick - et,—
 Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... They'll lock you in the sta - ble, Make you fight for Cain and A - bel,—
 If he'd climb de gold - en stairs!..... Bob In - ger - sol's re - spect - ed, But is bound to be re - ject - ed,—

Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... At the sight of half - a dol - lar, He will grab you by the col - lar, And
 Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... Old man Ad - am and his wife..... Will be there with drum and fife..... And
 Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... Oh! you bet he'll kick and yell,..... When they fire him in - to—well,....

Chorus.
p 2d time ff
 fire you up de gold - en stairs!..... Then hear them bells a - ring - ing, 'Tis sweet, I do de -
 march you up de gold - en stairs!.....
 Climbing up de gold - en stairs!.....

p 2d time ff
 clare; Oh! hear them darkies sing - ing, Climbing up de gold - en stairs!..... stairs!.....

ff D.C.

SUMMER AT THE BEACH.

85

Words by H. G. WHEELER.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Mus by J. W. WHEELER.



1. I've done the falls and oth - er in - land wonders, I've real - ized all the joys of camp - ing
 2. I've lit - tle love for but - ter - cups or clo - ver, I would - n't give a rap for new mown
 3. I love to watch the pret - ty prom e - na - ders, Out list'n - ing to the mu - sic of the

out, I've sampled mountain hous - es with - out num - ber, And fished the fa - mous lakes for speckled
 hay, And not the slightest fun can I dis - cov - er, In rid - ing o - ver roads of mi - ry
 band, And watch the an - tics of the jol - ly bath - ers, As they go roun - ing up and down the

trout, I've helped the hon - est farm - er at his du - ties, And its sel - dom I have failed his heart to
 clay, I'd rath - er take a jol - ly month's va - ca - tion, Where the o - cean waves are spark - ling, light and
 sand, There's noth - ing like a can - ter just at twi - light, Or a stroll a - long the beach at break of

reach, I've flirt - ed with the sweet - est coun - try beau - ties, But love the best a sea - son at the beach. Oh!
 free, If you would have a sea - son's rec - re - a - tion, Just take a co - sey cot - tage near the sea. Oh!
 day, Or flirt - ing with a charming girl by moon - light, When down be - side the dan - cing, sil - v'ry spray. Oh!

SUMMER AT THE BEACH. CONCLUDED.

Tempo di Valse. Chorus.

SOPR'O.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

Rid - ing, bath - ing, flirt - ing, sail - ing, Dain - ty girls out prom - e - nad - ing,
List - 'ning while the band is play - ing, Where the surf rolls in.....

"TYROL'S LOVELY DELL."

Words and Music by HARRY HINTON.

Allegretto.

p
Ped.

Ped.

1. There's ma - ny pre - cious gems laid by In
2. The shep - herd's pipe whose mag - ic notes, Call
3. So good bye, Ty - rol, love - ly spot, 'Tis

"TYROL'S LOVELY DELL." CONCLUDED.

87

mem - ry's in - most cell; I'll sing of one my heart holds dear, 'Tis Tyrol's Love - ly Dell.
 sheep with tink - ling bell, Down from the high - lands to re - pose In Tyrol's Love - ly Dell.
 hard to say fare - well; But since I must, I'll ne'er for - get, Fair Tyrol's Love - ly Dell.

Shep - herd bells, Aha, aha, aha! Hunters call, Aha, aha, aha! Mountains ech - o back each love - ly

FACILE.

sound..... Tra,..... la, Ech - o back to me,

Tra,..... la, Ty - rol's Love - ly Dell.

8va.....

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN.

Words by W. G. WILDERMAN

WALTZ SONG.

Music by CHARLES DRUMHELLER.

cadenza ad lib.

In Waltz time.

f Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

ritardando. *tempo.* *Waltz time.*

1. Ah!.....

When the ro - ses bloom, my

love, a - gain, Then will glad - ness come once more to me, for my heart has cold and heav - y been, But thou shall

hap - py be..... When the win - ter days, so dark and drear, With their i - cy boughs are

To Coda.

mf

past and gone; When the balm - y spring - time days are near, And love - ly flow'rs have come;.....

Sva

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN. CONTINUED.

2. Then my tear - ful long - ings will be o'er,..... And my the
3. When win - ter's gone,..... and spring - time's balm - y breeze,..... Wafts o'er the

heart..... so full, so full of pain,..... Then will beat.....
hill..... a - mong the ver - dant trees;..... Where birds will sing.....

..... with joy and glee once more,..... When ro - ses bloom,..... when the ro - ses
..... their songs of mer - ry glee,..... I'll meet my love,..... when the ro - ses

bloom a - gain.....
bloom a - gain.....

8va...
Ped. * f Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
8va..... 8va.....
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * D.S.

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN. CONCLUDED.

♩ CODA.

be;..... When the ro - ses bloom, my love, A - gain then, wi - glad - neas come once

pp a la clochette.

pp

cres.

more to me, For my heart has cold and heav - y been, But then shall hap - py

8va

cres.

f

be..... When the ro - ses

Ped. **f* *Ped.* **p*

bloom a - gain..... When the

8va

f *Ped.* **f* *Ped.* **f* *Ped.* **f* *Ped.* *cres.* ***

ad lib.

ro - ses bloom a - gain.....

colla voce. *Ped.* ***

WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

91

Words by J. T. WOOD.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. J. FULMER.

Moderato con espress.

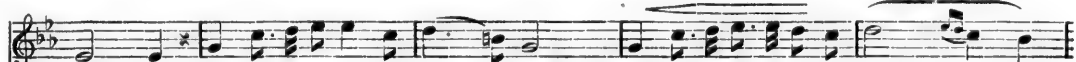


1. Jen - ny, my own true loved one, I'm
2. Jen - ny, when far from thee, I'm
3. Jen - ny, I'll keep your love, age With.

rall. e dim.



go - ing far from thee, Out on the bounding bil - lows, Out on the dark blue
on the o - cean deep, Will you then dream of me, love? Will you your prom - ise
in my heart so true, Each thought of mine for - ev - er Still, love, shall be of



sea, How I will miss you, my dar - ling, There when the storm is rag - ing high,
keep? And will I come to you, dar - ling? Take courage, dear, and nev - er sigh,
you, Dry then your tear-drops, my dar - ling, Soon will the night of sor - row fly.

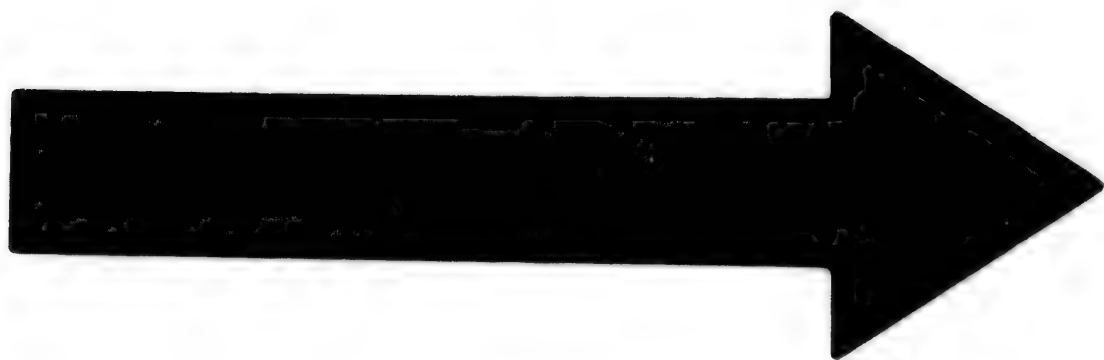


Jen - ny, my own true loved one, Wait till the clouds roll by
Glad - ness will fol - low sor - row, Wait till the clouds roll by
Cheer up, and don't be lone - ly, Wait till the clouds roll by

rall.



colla voce.



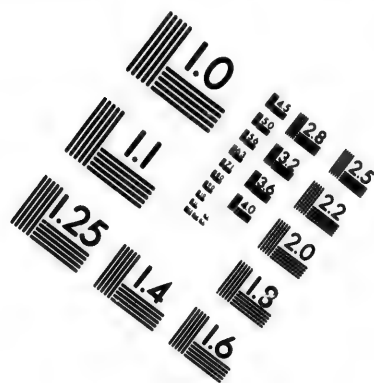
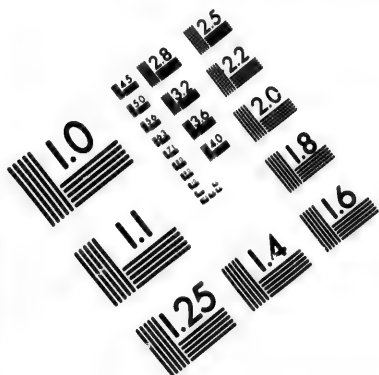
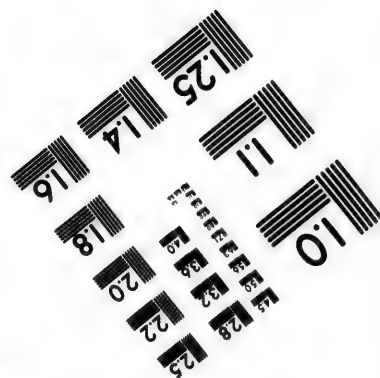
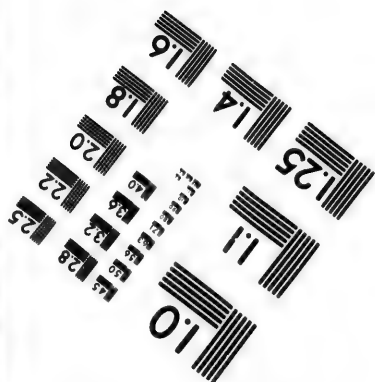
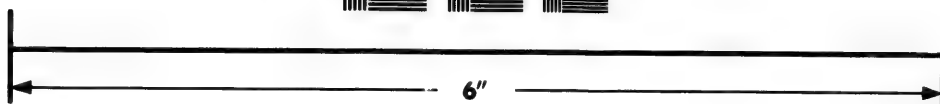
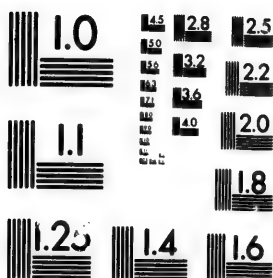


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WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY. CONCLUDED.

Chorus.
SOPR. *f* Wait till the clouds roll by, Jen - ny, Wait till the clouds roll by;
ALTO. *f* Wait till the clouds roll by, Jen - ny, Wait till the clouds roll by;
TENOR. *f* Wait till the clouds roll by, Jen - ny, Wait till the clouds roll by;
BASS. *f* Wait till the clouds roll by, Jen - ny, Wait till the clouds roll by;

f *p* *rall.* *rall.* *voce.*

Jen - ny, my own true loved one, Wait till the clouds roll by.....
 Jen - ny, my own true loved one, roll by.....

ROSALIE.

Arranged by BENJ. PRINCE.

Moderato.
mf

1. Je suis Pierre le bon -
 2. At the fête de Ma -
 3. Je suis le gran

ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I drink the di - vine eau de vie, eau de vie, I
 dame la Mar - quise, la Mar - quise, I first felt e - nough at my ease, at my ease, To
 beau de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm called by les dames très fol - i, très fol - i, When I

ROSALIE. CONCLUDED.

93

poco rit.

drive in the Bois in my lit - tle cou - pé, And I tell you I'm some - thing to see.
go to her père, and de - mand for my own, The beau - ti - ful Ros - a - lie.
go out of doors my friends by the scores, Say "Comment ça va mon - a - mi."

a tempo.

I care not what oth - ers may say, I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.....

a tempo.

poco rall.

Sweet Rose,..... Lit - tle Rose,..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.
Last verse. And my Rose is in love with me.

colla voce.

Chorus ad libitum.

1ST TENOR.

mf

2D TENOR.

mf

1ST BASS.

mf

2D BASS.

I care not..... what oth - ers may say, I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.....

rit.

Sweet Rose, Jol - ie Rose,..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.
Last verse. And my Rose is in love with me.

rit.

2d Tenors having the melody, the other parts to be sung subdued.

BRING ME A LETTER FROM HOME.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

Moderato.

p

1. Bring me a let - ter, O, beau - ti - ful bird,
 2. Bring me a let - ter from those that I love,
 3. Must I then go on my wea - ri - some way,

p

One that is long and sweet,..... Tell - ing me fond things that
 Swift o'er the moun - tains fly,..... Come ere the sun that is
 Is there no word for me?..... O!, how I long for a

espress.

oft I have heard; Come, on thy wings so fleet;..... Sad is my
 beam - ing a - bove Sinks in the west - ern sky;..... Scenes that are
 mes - sage to - day, Moti - er, one line from thee:..... Beau - ti - ful

mf *dim.* *p*

cres. *dim.*

poor heart and lone - ly, Far from my dear ones I roam,
 fair give no pleas - ure, Wilt thou not kind - ly then come,
 bird come re - lieve me, Speed on thy way o'er the foam,

cres. *dim.*

BRING ME A LETTER FROM HOME. CONCLUDED.

95

ritard.

This do I sigh for, this on - - ly, One lov - ing let - ter from home.....
 Oh, how this sad heart would treas - - ure, One lov - ing let - ter from home.....
 Do not, I pray thee, de - ceive me, Bring me a let - ter from home.....

p ritard.

SOPRANO. Chorus.

ALTO. Bring me a let - ter, O beau - ti - ful bird, One that is long and sweet.....

TENOR.

BASS.

p

f rall. *dim.* *pp*

Tell - ing me fond things that once I have heard; Come, on thy wings so fleet.....

f rall. *p* *dim.* *pp*

f rall. marcato. *pp*

cres. *dim.* *p*

WHEN 'TIS STARLIGHT.

Words and Music by

WALTZ SONG.

C. A. WHITE.

Tempo di Walts.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Walts.'.

System 1: The piano accompaniment begins with a series of chords and eighth notes. The vocal line enters with the first line of the song.

System 2: The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "When 'tis star - light By the riv - er meet me, yes, meet me my love all a - lone, I'll a -".

System 3: The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "wait thee, I'll a - wait thee, meet me, yes, meet me my love all a - lone. Ah,..... hap - py".

System 4: The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "we will be where the night birds sing their sweet song ev - er bright and free, Ah,..... watch the".

System 5: The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "rip - pling foam, Meet me loved one by the riv - er, meet me all a - lone.".

WHEN 'TIS STARLIGHT. CONTINUED.

97

Ah! Ah! Ah!

ad lib. Ah! *ad lib.* When 'tis star-light

By the riv - er, meet me, yes, meet me my love all a - lone. I'll a - wait thee, I'll a - wait thee,

Legato. meet me, yes, meet me my love all a - lone, Sad - ly I'm wait - ing here, lit - tle joy my

life to cheer, Still my heart bids me hope on; will he come, will he come?

13

WHEN 'TIS STARLIGHT. CONCLUDED.

Still my heart bids me hope on, Ah,..... he comes!

This system contains the first vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Still my heart bids me hope on, Ah,..... he comes!'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and single notes.

1 2 *ad lib.*
Ah,.....ah,.....*ad lib.*

This system includes a piano solo section marked with first and second endings. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line has two endings, with the second ending leading into a section marked 'ad lib.' (ad libitum).

ah,..... ah,..... When 'tis star - light, By the riv - er, Meet me, yes,

This system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'ah,..... ah,..... When 'tis star - light, By the riv - er, Meet me, yes,'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

meet me my love all a - lone; I'll a - wait thee, I'll a - wait thee, meet me, yes, meet me my

This system contains the lyrics 'meet me my love all a - lone; I'll a - wait thee, I'll a - wait thee, meet me, yes, meet me my'. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

rit. *ar* *dan* *do.*
love all a - lone. Ah,..... star - light, meet me all a - lone.....

This system concludes the piece with the lyrics 'love all a - lone. Ah,..... star - light, meet me all a - lone.....'. The piano part features a final, more active melodic line in the treble, while the bass line remains steady. The system is marked with 'rit.' (ritardando), 'ar' (accelerando), 'dan' (danzando), and 'do.' (finito).

SHALL OUR PARTING BE FOREVER?

99

Words by VIOLET FARRINGTON.

BALLAD.

Music by CORA B. MEACHAM.

INTRODUCTION.
Andante espressivo.



p *cres.*

1. Shall our parting be for - ev - er, Will there be no coming day;..... When our hearts are re - u - nit - ed, And
2. Will our waiting end in rapt - ure, If the heart is pure and free;..... And we live for those who love us, Since

p *mf* *p* *cres.*

f *p* *rall.*

life's sun-beams cheer our way?..... When the sad fare-well is spok - en, And the years roll on a - pace.....
we spoke the last a - dieu?..... Shall our part-ing be for - ev - er, With no sunshine in the way.....

mf *p* *rall.* *p*

p a tempo. *cres.* *p rit.* *p a tempo.*

Will there come a brighter morning, When we'll see each oth - er's face?..... Shall our parting be for - ev - er,
In a night of gloom and sor-row, With no gleams of com - ing day?..... Or when fairest flow'rs are with - ered,

p a tempo. *cres.* *p rit.* *p a tempo*

p *cres.* *f* *pp* *rit.*

And our future life be drear..... When the bonds of love we sev - er, And we go from friends so dear?.....
And we dwell in pain and grief..... Will our hearts be re - u - nit - ed, In a love that brings re - lief?.....

p *cres.* *f* *pp* *colla voce.* *pp*

PRETTY AS A PINK.

Words by H. G. WHEELER.

SONG AND DANCE.

Music by J. W. WHEELER.

Moderato.

mf

1. I love a lit - tle blue - eyed creat - ure, Such a
 2. Oh, what a co - zy coup - le we would be, Just as

charming dimpled lit - tle fac - in - a - tor, With cu - pid lurking in each feat - ure, To steal your sen - ses quite a - way, I
 hap - py as a humming bird in clo - ver, If this lit - tle maid would only marry me, I'd nev - er en - vy king or queen, She

met this lit - tle charmer at the Mat - i - nee—Caught her eye, and how my heart did flut - ter, When she turn'd her head around so
 sent a lit - tle note to me this af - ter - noon, Ask - ing me to call to - night at sev - en; If she on - ly prom - is - es to

mod - est - ly, 'Twas then I met my fate, and knew I lov'd her; Pret - ty lit - tle dar - ling, winsome and so charming,
 wed me soon, 'Twill send me to the ver - y gates of Heav - en, Graceful as a fair - y, modest as a dai - sy,

PRETTY AS A PINK. CONCLUDED.

101

Not for worlds would I for - get, Blue-eyed lit - tle la - dy, dimpled sweet and daint - y, Sweet - er than the mignon -
Sweet - er than a rare bo - quet, Per - fect form and feat - ure, daint - y lit - tle creat - ure, She's to be my bride some

ette. Mod - est as a dai - sy, Waist that drives you cra - zy, Queen of all the world I think,
day. I'll tell you a se - cret, If you'll try to keep it, But you must - n't ev - en wink,

Fair - er than a lit - tle bloom - ing lil - y - bell, And just as pret - ty as a pink.
Soon I'll in - tro - duce you to a lit - tle wife, That's just as pret - ty as a pink.

Dance.
Sua...
dolce.

Sua...

Sua...

LOVE IS A FLOWER.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

J. K. EMMET.

INTRODUCTION.

1. Ro-ses may bloom in sum - mer, The blossoms may blow and
2. Let oth - ers breathe the joy of love, In wild song and na - tive

fall..... But my love is al - ways bloom - ing, A flow - er sur - pass - ing all..... One night that flow - er
strain..... The heavens may breathe the spell a - bove, But my love's a rose Aus - train..... Bloss - oms blow and they

soft - ly said, Sleep well and dream of my love, The evening winds sang lul - la - bies, As soft - ly I whisperd a -
fade too soon For love and youth such as mine. I'd slum - ber in peace with true heart's ease, And have thee supreme for all

dieu. And dreamd of the love of flow - ers, The Dai - sy and Pan - sy, too..... Sweet Vi - o - lets and
time. Ro - ses may bloom in sum - mer, Bloss - oms may blow and fall..... But my love is al - ways

Chorus.

Sun - flow - ers, And my love's Heart's-ease so true..... Oh, love is a flower, Bloom - ing now for
bloom - ing, A flow - er sur - pass - ing all.....

LOVE IS A FLOWER CONCLUDED.

103

you and me; Oh, bloom on, sweet flower,..... Bloom, my love, I'll wel - come thee. Oh, love is a

flower,..... Bloom - ing now for you and me, Bloom, my love, I'll wel - come thee.

This musical score is for a song in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "you and me; Oh, bloom on, sweet flower,..... Bloom, my love, I'll wel - come thee. Oh, love is a flower,..... Bloom - ing now for you and me, Bloom, my love, I'll wel - come thee." The piano part consists of chords and arpeggiated figures.

GAILY CHANT THE SUMMER BIRDS.

Words and Musio by DE PINNA

Allegretto

mf

f

p

Gai - ly chant the sum - mer birds Thro' the wood - lands as they wing,

This musical score is for a song in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The dynamics are marked *mf* (mezzo-forte), *f* (forte), and *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "Gai - ly chant the sum - mer birds Thro' the wood - lands as they wing,". The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and arpeggiated figures.

Sweet as lov - ers' whis - per'd words, Are the joy - ous songs they sing. *rit.*

Gai - ly chant the sum - mer birds, Thro' the wood - lands as they wing, *a tempo.*

Sweet as lov - ers' whis - per'd words Are the joy - ous songs they sing.

How sweet when all a - round, a - bove, is beau - ti - ful and bright,..... With those who love us,

those we love, To meet the morn - ing light..... Ah!..... Gai - ly *rit. tempo.*

GAILY CHANT THE SUMMER BIRDS. CONTINUED.

105

chant the sum - mer birds, Thro' the wood - lands as they wing, Sweet as

lov - ers' whis - per'd words, Are the joy - ous songs they sing.

Sweet - er, when the night - in - gale charms the bow - er of the rose, While her ten - der

love - lorn tale, ech - o comes at ev - 'ning's close. Gai - ly chant the sum - mer

rit.

GAILY CHANT THE SUMMER BIRDS. CONCLUDED.

birds, Thro' the wood - lands as they wing, Sweet as lov - ers' whis - per'd words,

This system features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more active melody in the treble.

Are the joy - ous songs they sing, Sweet as lov - ers' whis - per'd words, Are the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same rhythmic pattern, with the treble staff providing harmonic support.

joy - ous songs they sing. Sweet as lov - ers' whis - per'd words, Are the songs they

The third system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment style, supporting the vocal line.

sing. Are the joy - ous songs,..... Are the joy - ous songs they sing.

The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same accompaniment style, supporting the vocal line.

This system features a piano solo in grand staff. The treble staff contains a series of ascending and descending eighth-note runs, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

WHAT SHALL I SAY?

107

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Music by D. FRANK TULLY.

Allegretto.
Playfully.

con espress.

1. Ja-mie has long been a courting me. Nev-er was lov-er more true;.....
2. Ja-mie came o-ver the mead-ow, Up to the place where I stood,—
3. Pit-y to slight his ca-ress-es, Pit-y to wound one so dear;

p *p* *cres.* *rall.*

But if he asks me to mar-ry him, What in the world shall I do?..... Lov-ers are ten-der and
Bring-ing me flow'rs from the hill-side,— Ja-mie is al-ways so good..... Call-ing me dear-ie and
Lov-ers I might find in plen-ty But none like my Ja-mie, I fear..... Come up, my heart, to the

a tempo. *colla voce.* *rall.* *a tempo.* *p*

thought-ful; Husbands their tem-per dis-play;..... So if he asks me to mar-ry him,
dar-ling, In his af-fec-tion-ate way;..... But if he asks me to mar-ry him,
res-cue, You can ad-vise me, I guess;..... If Ja-mie asks me to mar-ry him,

f *p* *cres.*

agitato.

What shall I, what shall I say?..... So if he asks me to mar-ry him.... What shall I, what shall I say?.....
What shall I, what shall I say?..... But if he asks me to mar-ry him.... What shall I, what shall I say?.....
Shall I say, shall I say yes?..... If Ja-mie asks me to mar-ry him.... Shall I say, shall I say yes?.....

agitato. *colla voce.* *rall.*

AVE MARIA.

Words and Music by H. MILLARD.

Moderato.

A - ve Ma - ri - a, A - ve Ma -

ri - a, ple - na di gra - zie ple - na di gra - zie, Do - mi - nus te - cum, Do - mi - nus

te - cum, A - ve Ma - ri - a. Be - ne - dic - ta, Be - ne - dic - ta,

Be - ne - dic - ta, Be - ne - dic - ta tu in mu - li - e - ri - bus. Et be - ne - dic - tus fruc - tus,

fruc - tus ven - tris tu - i, Je - su! Je - su! Je - su!

8va.....

colla voce.

AVE MARIA. CONCLUDED.

109

Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Ma - ter, Ma - ter

De - i, o - ra pro no - bis, o - ra pro no - bis, o - ra pro no - bis pec - ca - to - ri - bus. Nunc, nuac,

nunc,..... nunc et in ho - ra, nunc et in ho - ra no - - - - - stre,

nunc..... et in ho - ra mor - tis no - - - - - stre. A - ve Ma - ri - a, A - - - - -

ve Ma - ri - - - a, Ma - ri - - - a!

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

HENRY C. WORK.

Moderato.

1. On a sum - mer's day, when the wave was rip - pled By the
 2. Said a fee - ble lad to his anx - ious moth - er, "I must
 3. "On - ly one more trip," said a gal - lant sea - man, As he

soft - est, gen - tlest breeze, Did a ship set sail, with a car - go la - den For a port be - yond the
 cross the wide, wide sea; For they say, perchance in a for - eign cli - mate There is health
 kiss'd his weep - ing wife; On - ly one more bag of the gold - en treas - ure, And 'twill last us all through

seas; There were sweet fare - wells—then, were lov - ing sig - nals, While a form was yet dis -
 me," 'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of dan - ger, And her heart for her young - est
 life. Then I'll spend my days in my co - zy cot - tage, And en - joy the rest I've

cern'd; Though they knew it not, 'twas a sol - emn part - ing, For the ship—she nev - er re - turn'd.
 yearn'd; Yet she sent him forth with a smile and bless - ing On the ship that nev - er re - turn'd.
 earn'd; But a - las, poor man! for he sail'd com - man - der Of the ship that nev - er re - turn'd.

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED. CONCLUDED.

111

Chorus.
SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

Did she nev - er re - turn? She nev - er re - turn'd—Her fate, it is yet un - learn'd; Tho' for

She nev - er re - turn'd—Her fate, it is yet un - learn'd; Tho' for

years and years there were fond ones watch - ing, Yet the ship—she nev - er re - turn'd.

years and years there were fond ones watch - ing, Yet the ship—she nev - er re - turn'd.

AFTER.

Words and Music by H. MILLARD.

Moderato con espress.

mf

Af - ter the shower, the tran - quil sun;

Af - ter the snow, the emer - ald leaves; Sil - ver stars, when the day is done; Af - ter the har - vest, gold - en sheaves.

AFTER. CONCLUDED.

poco più mosso.

Af - ter the clouds, the vio - let sky; Af - ter the storm, the lull of waves; Qui - et woods, when the winds go by;

Af - ter the bat - tle, — peace - ful graves. *stentato con espressione.*

con gioia. Af - ter the knell, the wedding bells; Af - ter the bud, the ra - diant rose; Joy - ful greet - ings, from sad fare - wells; *tristo.*

sombre. Af - ter our weep - ing, *dolce.* sweet re - pose. *più mosso.* Af - ter the bur - den, the bliss - ful meed, Af - ter the flight, the

riprendo. down - y nest; Af - ter the fur - row, the wak - ing seed; *rall. ad lib.* Af - ter the shadow - y riv - er — rest! *lunga.*

f *ad lib. e colla voce.* *ad lib. pp*

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

113

Words and Music by

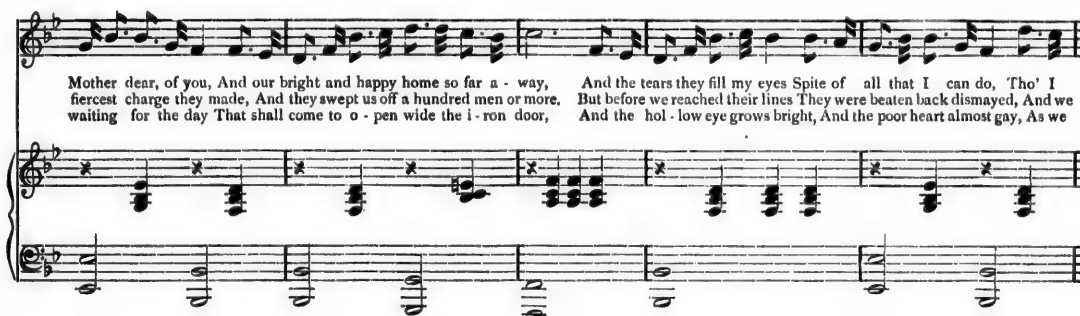
SONG AND CHORUS.

GEO. F. ROOT.



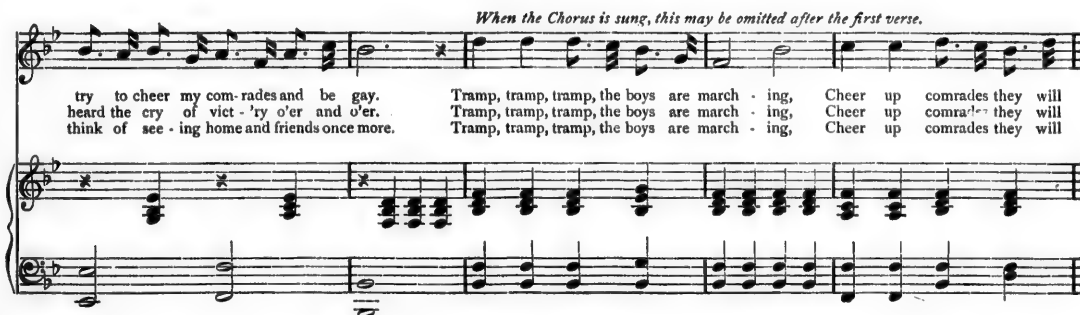
1 In the pris-on cell I sit, Thinking
2 In the bat-tle front we stood When their
3 So with-in the pris-on cell, We are

Tempo di Marcia.



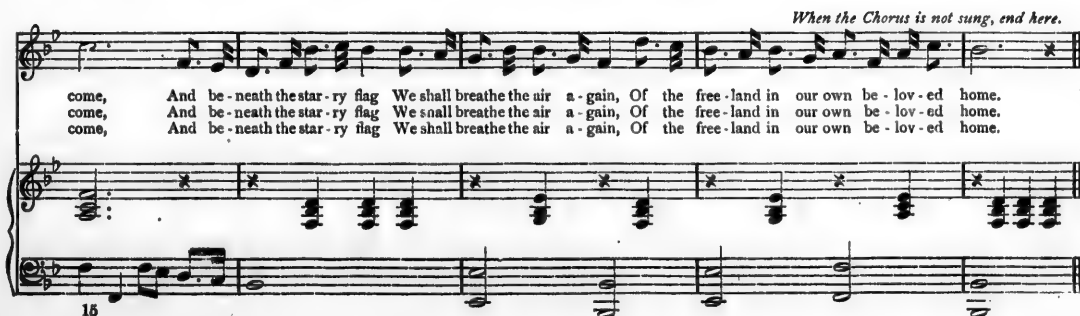
Mother dear, of you, And our bright and happy home so far a-way, And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I
fiercest charge they made, And they swept us off a hundred men or more, But before we reached their lines They were beaten back dismayed, And we
waiting for the day That shall come to o-pen wide the i-ron door, And the hol-low eye grows bright, And the poor heart almost gay, As we

When the Chorus is sung, this may be omitted after the first verse.



try to cheer my com-rades and be gay. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing, Cheer up comrades they will
heard the cry of vict-'ry o'er and o'er. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing, Cheer up comrades they will
think of see-ing home and friends once more. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing, Cheer up comrades they will

When the Chorus is not sung, end here.



come, And be-neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.
come, And be-neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.
come, And be-neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! CONCLUDED.

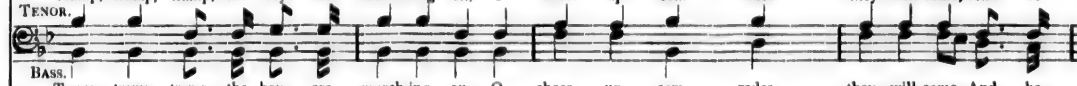
SOPRANO. Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up com - rades they will come, And be -



ALTO.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing on, O cheer up com - rades they will come, And be -



TENOR.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march ing on, O cheer up com - rades they will come, And be -



neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a - gain, Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.



neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a - gain, Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.



ONLY A DEAR LITTLE FLOWER.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

FRANK HOWARD.

*Andante con espressione.*1. On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,..... I
2. On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,..... When*mf*treasure in mem'ry of you;..... It brings back sweet moments of glad - ness,..... And whis - per of love, fond and
sad and a - lone gives me cheer;..... What mat - ter tho' now it is fad - ed,..... To me it will ev - er be

ONLY A DEAR LITTLE FLOWER. CONCLUDED.

115

true..... To - geth - er we roam'd in the wood - land,..... And down by the brook's mos - sy shore,..... We
 dear..... When far, far a - way from you, dar - ling,..... And long - ing your sweet face to see;..... It

rall.
 vow'd by this dear lit - tle flow - er,..... To love and be true ev - er more.....
 fills me with hope for the mor - row,..... And tells that you're faith - ful to me.....
colla voce.

Chorus.

SOPRANO.
 ALTO.
 TENOR.
 BASS.
 On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,..... That tells of our love fond and true;..... Oh,
 On - ly a dear lit - tle flow - er,..... That tells of our love fond and true;..... Oh,

rall.
 dear - ly this sweet lit - tle flow - er,..... I cher - ish in mem - 'ry of you.....
rall.
 dear - ly this sweet lit - tle flow - er,..... I cher - ish in mem - 'ry of you.....
colla voce.

THE PILOT BRAVE.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

DUETTO.

Music by HARRISON MILLARD.

Moderato.
TENOR OR SOPRANO AND CONTRALTO.

1. Our good ship speeds be-fore the gale, The land is
wreck we landward haste, And forward
wel come us to port,— The last to

less' ning to our view; All hands are piped, spread ev'ry sail,— We're bounding o'er the waters blue! We're bounding o'er the waters
cast our longing gaze; No sail o'er O - cean's weary waste, Each heart its anxious hope be - trays, Each heart its anxious hope be -
say the sad good-by; Of bounding waves the i - die sport,— No jollier soul beneath the sky, No jollier soul beneath the

blue! With wist - ful eyes we land - ward gaze, To all we love we bid farewell; And, in the sun - set's dy - ing rays, We
trays! Oh sweet to wel - come once a - gain Our na - tive hills and sunnystreams! And, as our long - ing eyes we strain, A
sky. Thanks be to thee, thou Pi - lot brave! Oft in our dreams we see thy form, Thy bark, like sea - bird o'er the wave, We

* When a Contralto takes the place of the Bass, sing the small notes.

THE PILOT BRAVE. CONCLUDED.

117

hear a - far the curfew bell, the cur-few bell, the cur-few bell. And hark! it is the Pi-lot's cry— "God speed!
sail in yonder off-ing gleams! a sail! a sail! a sail! a sail! The Pi-lot's joy-ful cry we hear,— "Ship a - hoy!
fol - low 'mid the threat'ning storm, the threat'ning storm, the threat'ning storm. In dreams a - gain thy hail we hear,— "Ship a - hoy!

1st and 2d Verses.

God speed! Good - by! Good - by! God speed! Good - by!"
ship a - hoy! what cheer? what cheer? ship a - hoy! what cheer?"
ship a - hoy! what

3d Verse.

2. From storm and cheer? ship a - hoy! what cheer?".....
3. The first to

f *presto.*

LONG AGO!

Words by FABI MARTIN.

BALLAD.

Music by HARRISON MILLARD.

mf *leggiere.* *8va.*

Con espressione.

O sea, bil-low on and sigh as of yore, O'er the dead in thy depths be-low, On thy sil-ver-y, stranded, shell-ribb'd shore, I

pesante. *cres.*

tranquillo. *Riprendendo.*

wait and list to thy breaker's roar, As the bright waves ebb and flow, As the bright waves ebb and flow. For a barque sail'd out with my

p *a tempo.*

affrett.

life one day, And car-ried my beau-ti-ful treasures a-way, A barque sail'd out with my life one day, In the

slent. *rit.*

far-off long a-go, In the far-off long a-go.

colla voce. *con 8va. ad lib.*

LONG AGO! CONCLUDED.

119

O riv - er run far! O

mf trem.

riv - er run fast! O weeds float out to the sea. For the sun has gone down on my happy past, And the hopes that like bread on thy waves I cast, Have

trem. cres. col canto.

Ritardando.

drift - ed a - way like thee. Have drift - ed a - way like thee! Well, the day it is dead, and the dream it is done, But I'll

a tempo.

slarg. tristamente. con dolore. piu lento.

ev - er remem - ber the name of one Who will never come back to me, Who will never come back to me. The

con espress. silent. adagio.

day it is dead, and the dream it is done, It will nev - er come back to me! to me!

*ff colla voce. pp cres. f adagio. Ped. **

O! HUSH THEE MY BABY.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Music by A. H. PEASE.

Andantino.
m.g.
pp

1. O!

hush thee, my ba-by, Thy sire is a knight, Thy moth-er a la-dy Both love-ly and bright; The
fear not the bu-gle, Tho' loud-ly it blows, It calls but the ward-ers Who guard thy re-pose; Their

m.g. *m.g.* *m.g.*

woods and the glens, From the tow'r which we see, They all are be-long-ing, Dear ba-by to thee. } O,
bows would be bend-ed, Their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe-man Draw near to thy bed. }

rit. *rit.*

p

mi-ri fal-go lul-go-li, Ho-ro, ho-ro! O, mi-ri fal-go lul-go-li, Ho-ro, ho-ro! Lul-la-by, lul-la-

pp

by, lul-la-by! Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by!

2. O

O! HUSH THEE MY BABY. CONCLUDED.

121

hush thee my ba - by, The time will soon come, When thy sleep shall be bro - ken By trum - pet and drum. Then hush thee, my darling, Take

rest while you may, For strife comes with man - hood, As wak - ing with day. O, mi - ri fal - go lul - go - li, Ho -

ro, ho - ro! O, mi - ri fal - go lul - go - li, Ho - ro, ho - ro! Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by!

Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by! Lul - la - by, lul - la - by! Lul - la -

by, lul - la - by! *ad lib.*

m.g. *rit.* *al* *fine.*

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

HENRY C. WORK.



1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll sing an - oth - er song—
 2. How the dar - keys shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound!
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,
 4. "Sher - man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!"
 5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train,

Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
 How the tur - keys gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 When they saw the hon - or'd flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be re - strained from
 So the sau - cy reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast. Had they not for - got, a - las! to
 Six - ty miles in lat - i - tude—three hun - dred to the main; Treason fled be - fore us, for re -

fif - ty thous - and strong, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 break - ing forth in cheers, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 reck - on with the host, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 sis - tance was in vain, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA. CONCLUDED.

123

SOPRANO. Chorus.



ALTO.

"Hur - rah! Hur - rah! we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!"

TENOR.



BASS.

"Hur - rah! Hur - rah! we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!"



So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching through Geor - gia.



So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching through Geor - gia.



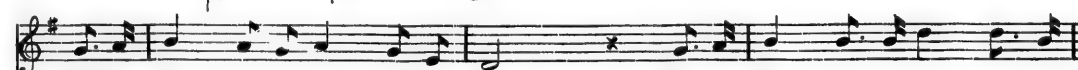
SWEET BY AND BY.

Words by S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

SONG AND CHORUS.

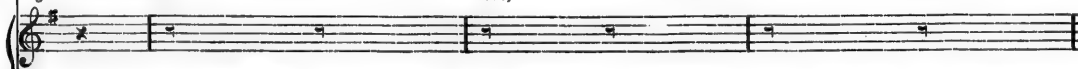
Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

With much feeling and in perfect time.



1. There's a land that is fair - er than day,
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore,
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove,

And by faith we can see it a -
The me - lo - di - ous songs of the
We will of - fer the trib - ute of



SWEET BY AND BY. CONCLUDED.

far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.
 blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more— Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the bless - ing that hal - low our days!

SOPRANO. Chorus. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the

ALTO. In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, By and by, In the

TENOR.

BASS. By and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, By and by.

In the repeat, diminuendo gradually to the end.

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

by and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

CARRY ME BACK TO TENNESSEE.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

SEP. WINNER.

Moderato.

1. Sweet El - lie Rhee, so dear to me Is
 2. Oh why did I from day to day, Keep
 3. They said that I would soon be free And
 4. The war is o - ver now at last, De

p *cres.*

lost for - ev - er more; Our home was down in Ten - nes - see, Be - fore dis cru - el war. Then car - ry me back to
 wish - ing to be free, And from my mas - sa run a - way, And leave my El - lie Rhee. Then car - ry me back to
 hap - py all de day, But if dey take me back a - gain I'll neb - er run a - way. Then car - ry me back to
 col - or'd race am free, Dat good time com - in' on so fast; I'se wait - in' for to see. Then car - ry me back to

Ped.

Ten - nes - see, Back where I long to be, A - mong de fields of yel - low corn; To my dar - ling El - lie Rhee.

Ped. *cres.*

SOPRANO. Chorus.

ALTO

Then car - ry me back to Tennessee, Back where I long to be; A - mong de friends of yellow corn; To my darling El - lie Rhee.

TENOR.

BASS.

Then car - ry me back to Tennessee, Back where I long to be; A - mong de friends of yellow corn; To my darling El - lie Rhee.

Ped. *cres.* *p*

THE SPRINGTIME AND ROBINS HAVE COME.

127

Words and Music by
Tempo di Valze.

WALTZ SONG.

FRANK HOWARD.

mf *f*

The spring-time and rob-ins have come,..... And the words of my Donald were true;..... For a-gain by his

side, in my fond lov-ing pride, I gaze in his eyes of sweet blue,..... Oh, the pain and the sorrow have pass'd,.....

And there's joy in our own lit-tle home,..... For he said he'd be here, when the springtime was near, And the springtime and

rall. *a tempo.* *rall.* *a tempo.*

128 THE SPRINGTIME AND ROBINS HAVE COME. CONTINUED.

robins have come!..... True was my heart to my bright bon-ny lad, Long have I wait-ed so wea-ry and

sad, Oh! how 'mid the ro-ses and lil-ies I roam, And sing with the rob-ins so glad.....

Chorus.
The springtime and robins have come,..... And the words of my Donald were true;..... For a-gain by his side in my

fond loving pride I gaze in his eyes of sweet blue;..... Oh! the pain and the sorrow have pass'd..... And there's joy in our

own lit-tle home;..... For he said he'd be here when the springtime was near, And the springtime and robins have come!.....

f *ff*

Dark was the hour,.....
mf

..... when I dream't he was lost..... And saw his proud ship..... o'er the waves

tem - pest toss'd;..... But joy fills my heart,..... for Don - ald has come
f

home,..... Yes, he's here, my own true lov - er, And the springtime and rob - ins have come!.....
rall.
colla voce.

"A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP."

Words by R. CRANSHAW.

BASS SONG.

Music by C. F. SHATTUCK.

Con energia.

1. There's a mine of wealth un - told, In a hun - dred fath - oms
2. The cares of a mi - ser's years, In a hun - dred fath - oms

con vigoroso.

con brioso.

deep; There's count - less stores of the earth's red gold, In a hun - dred fathoms deep; Glit - t'ring gems for a
deep; The child of a moth - er's hopes and fears, In a hun - dred fathoms deep; Side by side do they

thous - and brows; Curses, prayers, and ter - rors, vows,..... In a hun - dred fath - oms deep,..... In a
quiet - ly lay, The i - dol of gold, and the i - dol of clay,..... In a hun - dred fath - oms deep,..... In a

con vigoroso. *con anima.*

cal can do.

hun - dred fathoms deep, In a hun - dred fath - oms 'deep,..... In a hun - dred fath - oms deep.
hun - dred fathoms deep, In a hun - dred fath - oms deep,..... In a hun - dred fath - oms deep.

rit.

"A HUNDRED FATHOMS DEEP." CONCLUDED.

131

3. The Sea - King sits on his

f *con briso.*

throne, In a hun - dred fath - oms deep; And laughs as he claims all for his own, In a

hun - dred fathoms deep. These are my rich - es, these my hordes, These the treas - ures, my realm af -

colla voce. *cal - can - do.*

fords,.....In a hun - dred fath - oms deep,..... In a hundred fathoms deep, In a hun - dred fath - oms

con anima. *delicato.*

deep,..... In a hundred fath - oms deep.

ad lib. *ritard.* *pp* *lunga pausa.* *f*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

LOST ON THE "LADY ELGIN."

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

HENRY C. WORK.

1. Up from the poor 'man's cot - tage—Forth from the
 2. Oh! 'tis the cry of chil - dren, Weep - ing for
 3. Staunch was the no - ble steam - er—Pre - cious the

man - sion door; Sweep - ing a - cross the wa - ters, And echo - ing 'long the shore; Caught by the morn - ing
 pa - rents gone; Chil - dren who slept at even - ing, But or - phans woke at dawn, Sis - ters for broth - ers
 freight she bore; Gai - ly she loosed her ca - bles, A few short hours be - fore. Grand - ly she swept our

bree - zes—Borne on the even - ing gale; Com - eth a voice of mourning, A sad and sol - emn wail.
 weep - ing, Hus - bands for miss - ing wives—Such are the ties dis - sev - er'd With those three hun - dred lives.
 har - bor, Joy - ful - ly rang her bell; Lit - tle thought we, 'ere morn - ing, 'Twould toll so sad a knell.

SOPRANO. Chorus.

ALTO.
 Lost on the La - dy El - gin! Sleeping to wake no more! Number'd in that three hundred, Who fail'd to reach the shore!

TENOR.

BASS.
 Lost on the La - dy El - gin! Sleeping to wake no more! Number'd in that three hundred, Who fail'd to reach the shore!

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

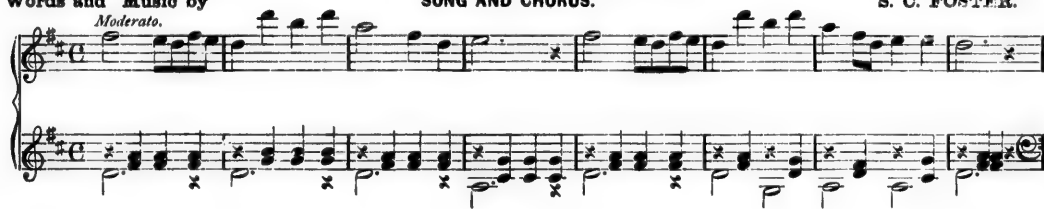
133

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

S. C. FOSTER.

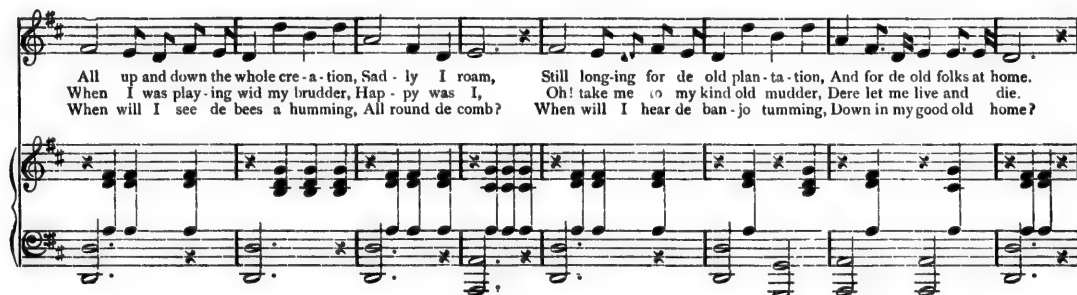
Moderato.



1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wander'd When I was young, Den ma - ny hap - py days I squander'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bushes, One dat I love, Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.



All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam, Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
When I was play - ing wid my brudder, Hap - py was I, Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die.
When will I see de bees a humming, All round de comb? When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?



Chorus.

All de world am sad and dreary, Eb - ry where I roam, Oh! dar - keys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.



OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS!

Arranged by F. LOUIS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by JAS. A. BLAND.

Moderato.

f

1. Oh, my gold - en slip - pers am laid a - way, Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my wed - din' day, And my
 2. Oh, my ole ban - jo hangs on de wall, Kase it ain't been tuned since way last fall, But de
 3. So, it's good - bye, chil - dren, I will have to go Whar de rain don't fall or de wind don't blow, And yer

p

long - tail'd coat, dat I loved so well, I will wear up in de char - iot in de morn; And my
 darks all say we will hab a good time, When we ride up in de char iot in de morn; Dar's ole
 ul - ster coats, why, yer will not need, When yer ride up in de char iot in de morn; But yer

8va.....

long, white robe dat I bought last June, I'm gwine to git changed Kase it fits too soon, And de
 Brud - der Ben and Sis - ter Luce, Dey will tel - e - graph de news to Un - cle Bac - co Juice, What a
 gold - en slip - pers must be nice and clean, And yer age must be Just sweet six - teen, And yer

ole grey hoss dat I used to drive I will hitch him to de char - iot in de morn.
 great camp meet - in' ter will be dat day, When we ride up in de char - iot in de morn.
 white kid gloves yer will have to wear, When yer ride up in de char - iot in de morn.

8va.....

fz

OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS!. CONCLUDED.

135

Chorus.

SOPRANO. First time *pp*, repeat *ff*.

ALTO.

Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Gold-en slip-pers Ise gwine to wear, be-kase dey l'ok so

TENOR.

BASS.

1st time *pp*, repeat *ff*.

neat;

Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Oh, dem gold-en slip-pers! Gold-en slip-pers Ise gwine to wear, To

walk de gold-en street.

street.

*f**ff*

EMMET'S CUCKOO SONG.

J. K. EMMET.

Moderato.

Cuckoo, Oh, hear the cuck - oo call! Oh, hear him

call - ing now! Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! I hear you call, I hear you

call, Hear the cuck - oo call, Oh, hear how he's call - ing now.

1. Oh, sad - ly the cuck - oo is call - ing now, I hear him far up in the
 2. The blue - birds do sing with a mer - ry trill, Their glad notes sound clear through the

pp

ru - ins so gray; And soft - ly the moonbeams are fall - ing now, O'er slum - ber - ing blos - soms of May.....
 green woodland bow'rs; But the cuck - oo's call is so sad and still, It comes in the twi - light's lone hours.....

FINE.

FINE.

EMMET'S CUCKOO SONG. CONCLUDED.

137

Soft lil - ies and the rose..... Wave in the val - leys green,.....

..... Sad spir - its yearn for their lost love, While beau - ti - ful sham - rock grows..... Oh,

D.S. for Chorus.

May.....

(This yodler is sung by Mr. Emmet, but ordinarily it is better to play it.)

(La la oo - la - ee oh, etc.)

After 2d Verse.

Tempo 1mo *Morendo.*

AND HE'S GOT THE MONEY TOO.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

C. T. LOCKWOOD.

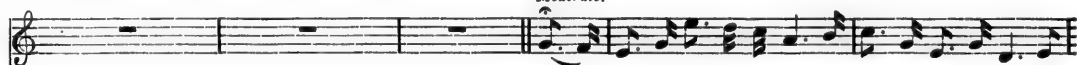
PRELUDE.

Sua.....

Lively.



Moderato.



1. I am just as fond of beau-ty as an-y one can be! The
 2. I shall have a nice pi-an-o, and won't I play and sing! I'll
 3. He takes me out a rid-ing when-ev-er he comes down, He

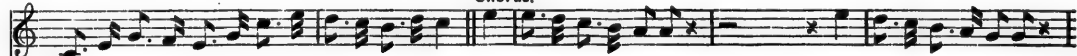
Sua.....



pret-ty eye, the ro-sy cheek, I love so much to see; There is none of us that have them, ex-cept my-self and you, But I
 have a thou-sand dol-lar watch, a chain and dia-mond ring, I shall have the ni-cest dwelling up-on the Av-en-ue, And the
 owns the ni-cest car-riage, and the fast-est horse in town; And he tells me that he loves me,—I lis-ten would-n't you? O, he



Chorus.



know a lit-tle fel-low, and he's got the mon-ey too. } O don't I love my hon-ey! And won't I use the money!
 gay-est lit-tle fel-low, and he has the mon-ey too.
 is the sweetest fel-low, and he's got the mon-ey too.



I am hap-py as a flow-er that sips the fall-ing dew, For I know a lit-tle fel-low, and he's got the mon-ey too.



COULD YOU BLAME ME?

139

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by WM. K. BASSFORD. Op. 91. No. 3.

Allegretto. *Sp* *rall.* *a tempo.*

1. By the gate he lin-ger'd, In the sun-set's gleam, And my heart seem'd tangled
2. Stars were soft-ly twinkling, And my hand he took; Birds I knew were peeping

rall. colla voce. *piu. f*

Andante moderato.

In a lov-ing dream! In a lov-ing dream! One by one the shad-ows Hill and val-ley
From each leaf-y nook, From each leaf-y nook; Crick-ets sweet-ly chir-ruped, Leaves and flow'rs a-

Tempo 1mo. *rall.* *Cadenza ad lib.*

hid;..... If I lis-ten'd could you Blame me if I did? Ah!.....
mid;..... If our lips met, could you Blame me if they did? Ah!.....

Tempo 1mo. *rall. colla voce.*

..... Could you, Would you, Should you blame me if I did? Should you blame me
..... Could you, Would you, Should you blame me if they did? Should you blame me

slentando. *mf* *rall.* *a tempo.*

if I did? Blame me if I did? did?
if they did? Blame me if they

slentando.

"ALWAYS TAKE MOTHER'S ADVICE!"

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

JENNIE LINDSAY.

Moderato.

mf *f* *dim. e rall.*

1. Al - ways take mother's ad - vice,..... She knows what is best for your good;..... 7 Let her kind words then suf -
 2. Hon - or your moth - er, so dear,..... You'll ne'er know her worth till she's gone;..... Re - spect her gray hair while she's

rall. *a tempo.*

fic,..... And nev - er speak hast - y or rude;..... Re - mem - ber that she is the near - est,..... To
 here,..... You'll be sad when she leaves you a lone;..... On earth you will ne'er have an - oth - er,..... In

colla voce. *a tempo.*

you in this world she is dear - est,..... At your down - fall her grief is se - ver - est!..... So
 this wea - ry world there's no oth - er,..... And God on - ly gives you one moth - er!..... So

c. es.

rall. **Chorus.**

don't cause her sor - row or pain..... Al - ways take mother's ad - vice,..... She knows what is best for your
 cher - ish and love her most dear..... Al - ways take mother's ad - vice,..... She knows what is best for your

colla voce. *mf*

good;..... Let her kind words then suf - fice, And al - ways take mother's ad - vice!

rall.

colla voce.

ROW, BOATMAN, ROW.

Words and Music by

QUARTETTE FOR MIXED VOICES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Allegro Moderato.

SOPRANO. *f*

ALTO.

Row, boatman, row, Row, boatman, row, Row, boatman, row us o'er the wa - ters blue. Row, boatman, row,

TENOR.

Vigoroso.

BASS.

Row, boatman, row, Row, boatman, row, Row, boatman, row us o'er the wa - ters blue. Row, boatman, row,

Vigoroso.

f

SOPRANO.

mf cantabile.

Row, boatman, row, Row us o'er the wa - ters blue. The night..... is bright and fair; The breeze is

ALTO.

Row, boatman, row, Row us o'er the wa - ters blue. Row, row, row, Row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row,

TENOR.

BASS.

Row, boatman, row, Row us o'er the wa - ters blue. Row, row, row, Row, row, row, row, row, row, row, row,

p

ROW, BOATMAN, ROW. CONCLUDED.

143

Vivace.

Vivace.

Vivace.

p

The musical score for the 'Vivace.' section is written for piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo marking 'Vivace.' is placed above the staff. The dynamics 'p' (piano) is indicated below the first measure. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. It contains mostly whole and half notes, with some measures featuring beamed eighth notes. The section concludes with a double bar line.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system contains the vocal parts: a Soprano line (treble clef) and an Alto line (alto clef). The lyrics "la..... Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Boat - man," are written below the vocal staves. The second system contains the piano accompaniment, with a right-hand part (treble clef) and a left-hand part (bass clef). The lyrics "Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Boat - man," are written below the piano staves. The third system continues the piano accompaniment, with the right-hand part starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic and the left-hand part with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The score includes first and second endings, indicated by "1." and "2." above the measures.

row us o'er the stream, Row us o'er the plac-id stream, The sil-v'ry stream.....

row us o'er the stream, Row us o'er the plac-id stream, The sil-v'ry stream.....

p rit. dim. pp

TRUST HER NOT.

WORDS BY LONGFELLOW.

W. F. DS. OP. 107.

Allegro.

mf Take care, take care, Be -

p I know a maid - en fair to see, *mf* Take care, take care, take care, She can both false and friendly be, *mp* Be -

Allegro.

p ware, be - ware, *mf* Trust her not, she is fool - ing, *mp* Trust her not, she is fool - ing, she is fool - ing, She is

ware, be - ware, *mf* Trust her not, she is fool - ing, *mp* Trust her not, she is fool - ing, she is fool - ing, She is

ware, be - ware, *mf* Trust her not, she is fool - ing, *mp* Trust her not, she is fool - ing, she is fool - ing, She is

fool - ing, she is fool - ing thee. *mp* She has two eyes so soft and brown, *mf* Take care, take care, *mp* She gives a side glance

fool - ing, she is fool - ing thee. *mf* Take care, take care, take care, *mp* Take care, take care, *mf*

mp *mf* *mp*

TRUST HER NOT. CONTINUED.

145

107.

Be -

Be -

is

glance

mf

and looks down, Be - ware, be - ware, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, she is

mf

Be - ware, be - ware, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, she is

Be - ware, be - ware,

Moderato.

fool - ing, she is fool - ing, She is fool - ing thee. And she has hair of a

fool - ing, she is fool - ing, She is fool - ing thee. Has hair of

And she has hair of a gold - en

Moderato.

p

gold - en hue, And she has hair, she has hair of a gold - en hue, And what she says . . . it is not

of gold - en hue, has hair of

gold - en hue, She has hair of golden hue, And what she says . . . it is not

hue, take care, And she has hair of a gold - en hue, it is not true,

p

TRUST HER NOT. CONTINUED.

rall. *pp* *mf a tempo.*

true, . . . And what she says, . . . it is not true, . . . it is not true, it is not true. And she has

rall. *pp*

true, . . . And what she says, . . . it is not true, . . . it is not true, it is not true.
And what she says, it is not true, And what she says,

rall. *pp* *mf a tempo.*

hair of a gold - en hue, . . . And what she says, it is not true, And what she
Take care, take care, Take care, beware, beware,

Take care, take care, take care, And what she says, is not true, And what she
And she has hair of a gold - en hue, Take care, beware,

rall. *p*

says . . . it is not true . . . And what she says . . . it is not true, Be - ware, be - ware.

rall. *p*

says, . . . And what she says, it is not true, . . . it is not true, Be - ware, be - ware.
it is not true, Take care, beware, And what she says, is not true,

rall. *p*

TRUST HER NOT. CONCLUDED.

147

Tempo. Imo.

She has two eyes so soft and brown, Take care, take care, She gives a side glance and looks down, Be -

She has two eyes so soft and brown, Take care, take care, take care, She gives a side glance and looks down, Be - take care,

Tempo.

The first system of the musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two staves. The piano accompaniment is also in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat, consisting of two staves. The tempo is marked 'Tempo. Imo.' and 'Tempo.'.

mf

ware, be - ware, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, Trust her not, she is fool ing, she is fool - ing, She is

mf

ware, be - ware, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, Trust her not, she is fool - ing, she is fool - ing, She is

ware, be - ware,

The second system of the musical score continues the voice and piano parts. The voice part is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat. It consists of two staves. The piano accompaniment is also in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat, consisting of two staves. The tempo is marked 'Tempo.'.

fool - ing, She is fool - ing, fooling thee, She is fool - ing thee, Be - ware, be - ware, Trust her not, trust her not.

fool - ing, She is fool ing, fool - ing thee, Be - ware, be - ware, Trust her not, trust her not.

The third system of the musical score continues the voice and piano parts. The voice part is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat. It consists of two staves. The piano accompaniment is also in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat, consisting of two staves. The tempo is marked 'Tempo.'.

TWILIGHT ON THE SEA.

WORDS BY GEO. M. VICKERS.

QUARTET.

MUSIC BY W. F. SUDDS.

Moderato.*Moderato.*

TWILIGHT ON THE SEA. CONTINUED.

149

mf fast. *cres* *cen* *do.*

And the break - ers crash, And the break - ers roar, And the dark - ness veils the land - scape o'er And the

mf fast. *cres* *cen* *do.*

ff *p slowly.*

break - ers crash, And the break - ers roar, And the dark - ness veils the land - scape o'er.

ff *p slowly.*

p

Oh, hap - py

Moderato.

mp *p*

Ped.

twi - light calm and sweet, That bids the wea - ry world take rest, The hour when part - ed lov'd ones meet, And peaceful

TWILIGHT ON THE SEA. CONCLUDED.

rall. *faster.* *f* *cres.*

home is doubt-ly blest. But hark! A-hoy! hark! How shrill the cry hark! Now o'er the treach'rous, foaming bil-lows

rall. *faster.* *ff* *cres.*

borne! Good-night to joy, to peace good-bye, O wretch-ed, wait-ing, watch-ing hearts for-lorn.

slowly. p

borne! Goodnight to joy,

slowly. pp

mf fast. *cres* *cen* *do.*

And the break-ers crash, And the break-ers roar, And the dark-ness veils the land-scape o'er, And the

mf fast. *cres* *cen* *ff* *do.*

break-ers crash, And the break-ers roar, But the fa-ted crew re-turms no more.

p slowly.

p slowly.

DEARER THAN PEARLS OR GOLD.

151

Words by FELIX.

Music by JOHN HOSKINS.

Moderato.

p *cres.* *marc.*

1. The gold that comes down from the
2. I heed not the gold of the

dim. *p*

cres.

moun - tain, The pearls that come up from the shore, And the roar of am - bi - tion's wild foun - tain All
moun - tain, I heed not the gems of the sea, Nor the roar of am - bi - tion's wild foun - tain If they

cres.

dim. *rall.* *mf a tempo.*

lure me to love thee no more;..... But the al - tar of love is still glow - ing Like the
lure me from love and from thee;..... For the day when my spir - it, grief la - den, Goes

dim. *rall.* *mf legato.* *a tempo.*

cres.

far shin - ing gems of the sea, And the joy of my spir - it is flow - ing In
out from thy pres - ence of light, Fare - well to my fan - cy's bright, Ai - denne And

cres.

DEARER THAN PEARLS OR GOLD. CONCLUDED.

f

cur - rent of glad - ness to thee..... And the joy of my spir - it is flow - ing In a
wel - come the dark - ness of night..... Fare - well to my fan - cy's bright Ai - denne And

rit.

cur - rent of glad - ness to thee.
wel - come the dark - ness of night.

rit. *f* *cres.* *dim.*

WHISPERING HOPE.

Words and Music by

VOCAL DUET.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Moderato.

p *cres.* *p*

dolce.

1. Soft as the voice of an an - gel, Breath - ing a les - son un - heard,.....
2. If in the dusk of the twi - light, Dim - be the re - gion a - far,.....

p *cres.* *p*

Hope with a gen - tle per - sua - sion, Whis - pers her com - fort - ing word;.....
Will not the deep - en - ing dark - ness, Bright - en the glim - mer - ing star?.....

cres.

WHISPERING HOPE. CONCLUDED.

153

Wait, till the dark-ness is o - ver, Wait till the tem - pest is done,.....
Then when the night is up - on us, Why should the heart sink a - way,.....

rit.

tempo.
Hope for the sun - shine to - mor - row, Af - ter the show - er is gone.....
When the dark mid - night is o - ver, Watch for the break - ing of day,.....

tempo.

Chorus.
Whis - per - ing Hope,..... Oh, how wel - come thy voice,.....
Whis - per - ing Hope, Whis - per - ing Hope, Wel - come thy voice, Oh, how wel - come thy voice.

Mak - ing my heart..... in its sor - row re - joice.....
Mak - ing my heart, Mak - ing my heart in its sor - row re - joice.....

20

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

BUGLE CALL, *ad lib.* *dim.* *pp* *ff*

Maestoso.

1. Come gath - er round the fire to - night As in the times of yore, Come share the sol - dier's
2. A - round the camp - fire let us meet To pledge our friendship true, And with a heart - y
3. But while our hearts are free and gay, We still have one re - gret, Ah, those who brave - ly

true de - light And talk your marches o'er; Come tum - ble in - to line once more, The
wel - come greet Who - e'er has worn the blue. Come sing the songs of long a - go, That
pass'd a - way We nev - er shall for - get; The dear old flag still proud - ly waves, We

foe - man to re - pel, And fight our fights on sea and shore With sa - bre, shot and shall.
cheer'd each hard campaign, And make the jol - ly cho - rus flow From 'Frisco down to Maine.
did not fight in vain, And should we fill ten - thou - sand graves We'd do the same a - gain.

ben marcato.

Chorus. Voices in unison.
Piu vivo.

Oh, wheth - er you fought up - on the sea, Or wheth - er up - on the shore,..... Come join in your com - rades'

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE. CONCLUDED.

153

ju - bi - lee, And fight all your bat - tles o'er..... And fight, And fight, And

fight all our bat - tles o'er..... And fight, And fight, And fight all your bat - tles

rall.

rall. e colla parte.

a tempo.

a tempo.

8va..... *8va*.....

8va..... *BUGLE.* *ECHO.*

f *pp ritard.*

FINGER-PRINTS UPON THE PANE.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

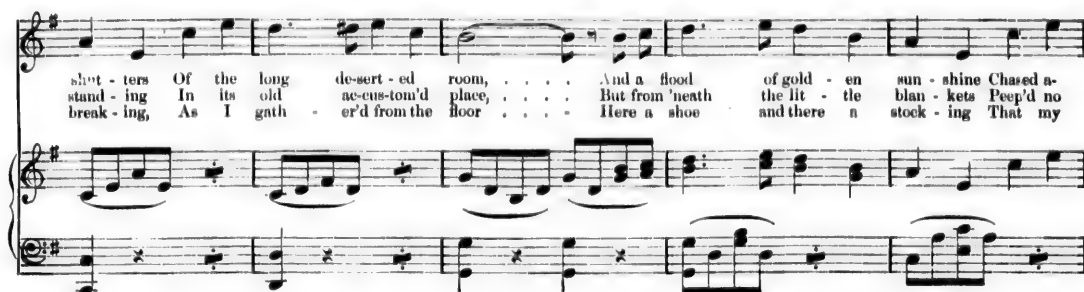
Andante con espress.

Tenderly.

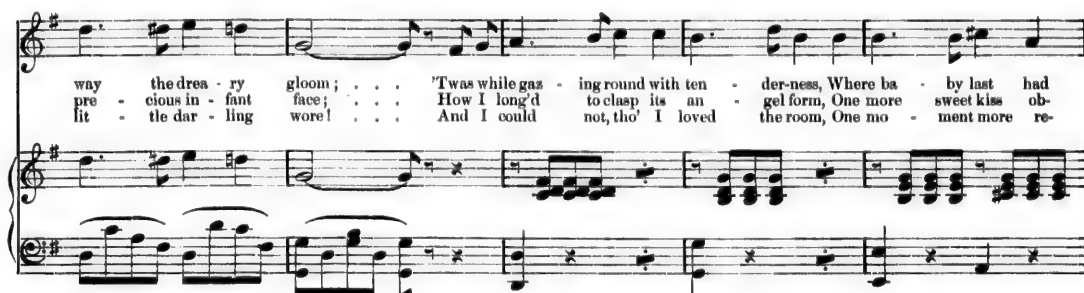
mf *rit.*

1. I had o - pen'd wide the
2. Still the emp - ty crib was
3. Oh, my heart seem'd al - most

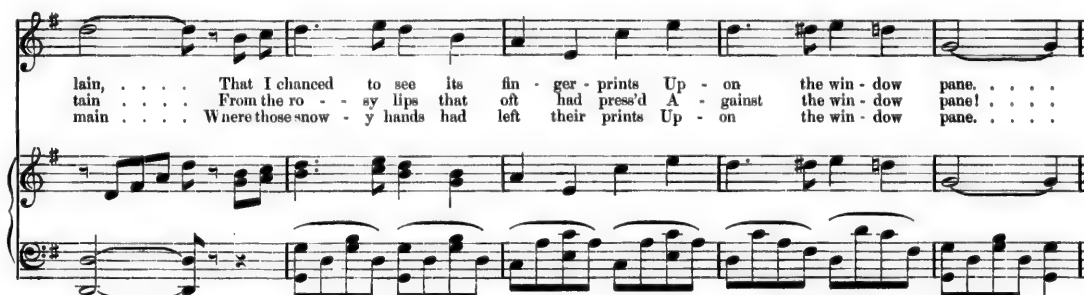
FINGER-PRINTS UPON THE PANE. CONCLUDED.



shot - ters Of the long de - sert - ed room, . . . And a flood of gold - en sun - shine Chased a -
stand - ing In its old ac - cus - tom'd place, . . . But from 'neath the lit - tle blan - kets Peep'd no
break - ing, As I gath - er'd from the floor . . . Here a shoe and there a stock - ing That my



way the drea - ry gloom; . . . 'Twas while gas - ing round with ten - der - ness, Where ba - by last had
pre - cious in - fant face; . . . How I long'd to clasp its an - gel form, One more sweet kiss ob -
lit - tle dar - ling wore! . . . And I could not, tho' I loved the room, One mo - ment more re -

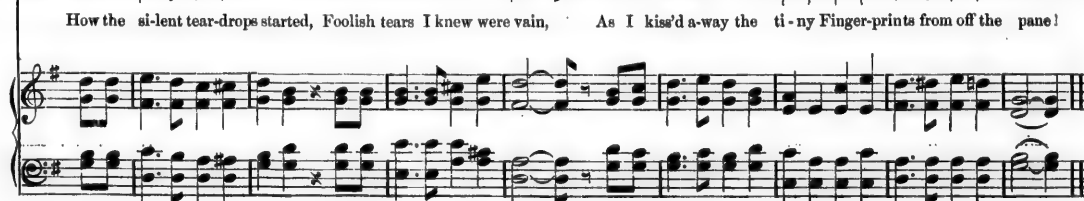


lain, . . . That I chanced to see its fin - ger - prints Up - on the win - dow pane, . . .
tain . . . From the ro - sy lips that oft had press'd A - gainst the win - dow pane! . . .
main . . . Where those snow - y hands had left their prints Up - on the win - dow pane, . . .

CHORUS.



How the si - lent tear-drops started, Foolish tears I knew were vain, As I kiss'd a-way the ti - ny Finger-prints from off the pane!



How the si - lent tear-drops started, Foolish tears I knew were vain, As I kiss'd a-way the ti - ny Finger-prints from off the pane!

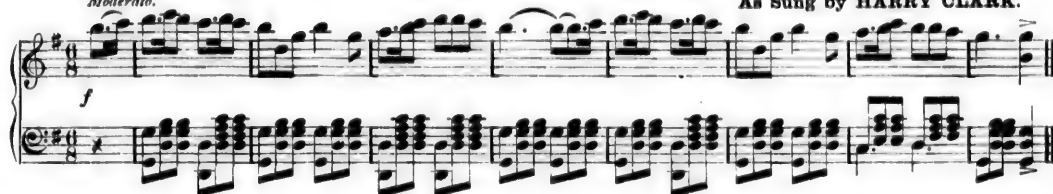
HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.

157

WARBLING LULLABY.

As Sung by HARRY CLARK.

Moderato.



1. Now show me the la - dy that nev - er would roam, But would stay with her fam'ly at night,..... And nev - er go roam - ing
2. We've a neat lit - tle cot - tage all shad - ed by trees, As hap - py as hap - py can be,..... Where we laugh and we walk o - ver



af - ter the boys, But would sit by her fire - side at night;... My wife she is one of those dif - fer - ent kind, And caus - es me oft - en to
ba - by we talk, For none are so mer - ry as we;..... He's just six months old, and he tries hard to scold, By clapping his fat, chubby



weep, By the way she does roam, and leaves me alone, To rock the dear ba - by to sleep. } Singing la - e, lo - e, hush - a - bye ba - by,
hands, And the ba - by does cry, when an - y one's nigh, He's the sweetest dear babe in the land.



Dancing the ba - by ev - er so high, With my la - e, lo - e, hush - a - bye ba - by, Mamma will come to you by and by



DON'T FLY YOUR KITE TOO HIGH.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.



1. I've a max-im that I learn'd at school so many years a-go, It's a good one and you should not pass it
 2. How well I learn'd the lesson that to me was of-ten taught, But not with-out ex-pe-ri-ence as
 3. Once more I gain'd a foot-hold in the bus'ness life of men, And I watch'd the changes ev'-ry day might

by;
 well;
 bring;
 It will no doubt ben-e-fit you and 'tis well that you should know, It is John, my boy don't fly your kite too high.
 I did spec-u-late and mon-ey loe till pov-er-ty o'er-fought, And on my ear that maxim clear-ly fell.
 Till once a-gain suc-cess was mine, as once the case had been, And then it was I sat me down to sing.

SOPRANO. Chorus.

Don't fly your kite too high, my boy, For some-time it must fall.....

ALTO.

Don't fly your kite too high, my boy, For some time it must fall, it must

TENOR.

BASS.

DON'T FLY YOUR KITE TOO HIGH. CONCLUDED.

159

..... A pass - ing cloud may wreck it, child, You'll lose the string and all.....

fall; A pass - ing cloud may wreck it, child, You'll lose the string and all, string and all.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system shows the piano accompaniment concluding with a final chord.

WHO WILL BUY MY ROSES RED?

Words by HARRY B. SMITH.

WALTZ SONG.

Music by GEO. SCHLEIFFARTH.

The musical score is a waltz song in 3/4 time. It begins with a piano introduction marked *mf*. The first system of the piano part features a waltz rhythm. The second system includes a vocal line with the lyrics "Who will buy my ro - ses red?" and a piano accompaniment marked *p*. The third system continues the piano part with a *pp* marking and a *ritard.* instruction. The fourth system shows the vocal line with the lyrics "Who will buy my vio - lets blue,....." and a piano accompaniment marked *mf*. The score concludes with a final piano part.

WHO WILL BUY MY ROSES RED? CONTINUED.

Gathered fresh from moss - y bed Glitt'ring with the morn - ing's dew?

cres. *cen.* *do.* *ritard.*

Waltz tempo.

Who will buy my ro - ses red? Who will buy my vio - lets blue, Gathered fresh from

mf

moss - y bed Glitt'r - ing with the morn - ing dew? Are your jew - els rich and rare, Half so

sweet and half so fair? Can the gor - geous tur - quoise blue, Match my mod - est vio - let's hue?.....

..... No, no, no, for sweet - er far The wood - land flow'rs than jew - els are.....

cres. *cen.* *do.* *ritard.*

WHO WILL BUY MY ROSES RED? CONTINUED.

161

Spirited.

Thus a lit - tle maid - en sang: Tra la la la la la la la! Mer - ri - ly her war - bling rang, Tra la la la la la la la,

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la, tra

cres. cen. do. *f* *dim.*

ritard. *mf*

la, tra la, tra la, Who will buy my ro - ses red? Who will buy my vio - lets

blue, Gathered fresh from moss - y bed Glit'r - ing with the morn - ing's dew? Who will buy my

ro - ses red? Who will buy my vio - lets blue, Gathered fresh from moss - y bed Glit'r - ing

cres. cen. do. *f*

with the morn - ing's dew?.....

sf dim. e ritard. *mf*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The piano part begins with a series of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, marked with a forte dynamic and a decrescendo/ritardando instruction.

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The piano accompaniment continues with a more active melody in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides harmonic support with chords.

2

FINE. *ritard.*

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. It concludes the first section of the piece with a final chord in the piano part, marked with a ritardando instruction.

Fair your flow'rs, sweet child, I said, Fresh and fair and fra - grant too; But your cheeks are

p

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Fair your flow'rs, sweet child, I said, Fresh and fair and fra - grant too; But your cheeks are". The piano accompaniment is marked with a piano dynamic.

ro - si - er red, And your eyes a bright - er blue. Then her pret - ty curls she shook; Heed - ing

mf

This system contains the ninth and tenth staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "ro - si - er red, And your eyes a bright - er blue. Then her pret - ty curls she shook; Heed - ing". The piano accompaniment is marked with a mezzo-forte dynamic.

WHO WILL BUY MY ROSES RED? CONCLUDED.

163

not my words or look, Laughing turned and went her way, Still sing-ing her mer-ry lay.....

ritard.

No, no, no, for sweet-er far The wood-land flow'rs than jew-els are.....

cres. cen. do. ritard.

Spirited.

Thus I heard her sing-ing still, Tra la la la la la la la! Ech-o-ing o'er vale and hill.

p mf

Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la, Tra, la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la

cres. cen. do. f

la la, Tra la la la la, tra la, tra la, tra la,.....Who will

dim. ritard. D. S.

I'LL WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY!

Words by J. T. WOOD.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. J. FULMER.

Moderato con espressione.

mf

f *rall. e dim.*

p

8va.....

8va.....

rall.

mf *colla voce.*

1. Wil-lie, tho' sad our part - ing, I'll still be true to thee; Fond - ly my heart will
 2. Wil-lie, the days are wea - ry, But long I'll not re - pine; Dark - ly the skies are
 3. Wil-lie, tho' far you're sail - ing, I know a - gain we'll meet; Bright - ly the fu - ture's

8va.....

fol - low O - ver the stor - my sea!..... Tho' I shall miss thee, my dar - ling, Tho' I shall sor - row and
 frown - ing, 'Neath them the star-rays shine!..... Deep in my heart I will treas - ure Each tho't of thee, tho' I
 dawn - ing, Tran - quil, and fair, and sweet!..... Love in the heart lives for ev - er! Tho' we may sor - row and

8va.....

sigh,..... Yet thy dear words I'll heed, love, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!.....
 sigh,..... Soon will the sun be shin - ing, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!.....
 sigh,..... True to my love, my dear - est, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!.....

I'LL WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY! CONCLUDED.

165

SOPRANO. Chorus.
ALTO.
 I'll wait till the clouds roll by, Wil - lie, I'll wait till the clouds roll by;.....
TENOR.
BASS.
 I'll wait till the clouds roll by, Wil - lie, I'll wait till the clouds roll by;.....

rall.
 Soon will the dawn be break - ing, I'll wait till the clouds roll by!
rall.
 Soon will the dawn be break - ing, roll by!.....
colla voce.

LET MY NAME BE KINDLY SPOKEN.

Words by S. N. MITCHELL.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

Andante grazioso.

1. Let my name be kindly
 2. In the past we lov'd each
 3. If the fates should bid me

spo - ken, When you're far away from me, And, altho' the vows are bro - ken,
 oth' - er, Lov's each other fond and true, And I'll never find an-oth - er,
 meet you, A some far-off, distant day, I would fondly kiss and greet you,

LET MY NAME BE KINDLY SPOKEN. CONCLUDED.

will fond-ly speak of thee. All the scenes of days depart - ed, I'll en-deavor to for -
 That can take the place of you. Tho' I wander on for-ev - er, Seek - ing lands beyond the
 In the old fa-mil-iar way. Tho' the binding link is bro - ken, It is sweet to part as

get ; And, if you are bro - ken-heart - ed, Think not of the day we met. . . .
 sea ; Well I know that I shall ne - ver, Ne - ver see the like of thee. . . .
 friends ; And the farewell word that's spok - en, To the heart a sweetness lends. . . .

Chorus.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Let my name be kindly spo - ken,

TENOR AND BASS.

Symphony after chorus.

When you're far away from me ; And, altho' the vows are bro - ken, I will fond-ly speak of thee.
 When you're far away from me, away from me ; And, altho' the vows are bro - ken, I will fond-ly speak of thee.

WHEN JAMIE COMES OVER THE SEA!

167

Words by JOHN KEYNTON.

SONG AND CHORUS.

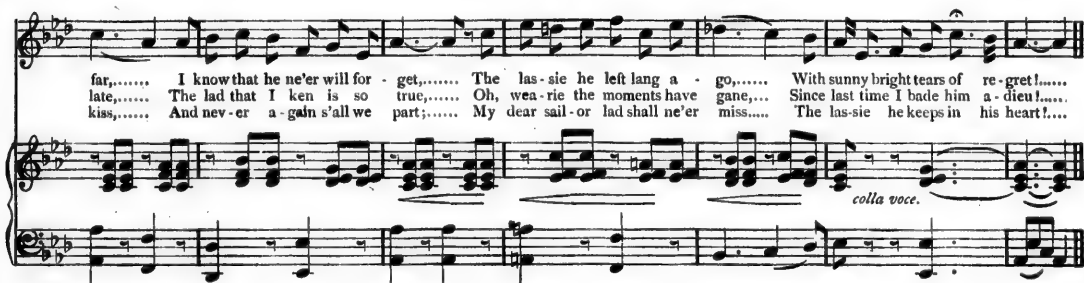
Music by CHARLES E. PRATT.



1. When ja-mie comes o-ver the sea,..... To
 2. When ja-mie comes o-ver the sea,..... He'll
 3. When ja-mie comes o-ver the sea,..... My

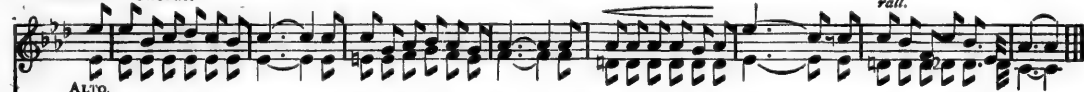


fauld me a-gain to his heart;..... How foud wi' that gentle heart be,..... To know that we nev-er's'all part! For tho' he is roamin' a-
 gle me the flow'r that I gave,..... The gloamin' he parted from me,..... To wander a-cross the sad wave, I greet for him earlie and
 heart will no longer be sore;..... He's still all the world un-to me,..... The lad that I love and a-dore! I'll welcome him hame with a



far,..... I know that he ne'er will for- get,..... The las-sie he left lang a-go,..... With sunny bright tears of re-gret!.....
 late,..... The lad that I ken is so true,..... Oh, wea-rie the moments have gane,.... Since last time I bade him a-dieu!.....
 kiss,..... And nev-er a-gain s'all we part;..... My dear sail-or lad shall ne'er miss,..... The las-sie he keeps in his heart!.....
colla voce.

SOPRANO. Chorus.

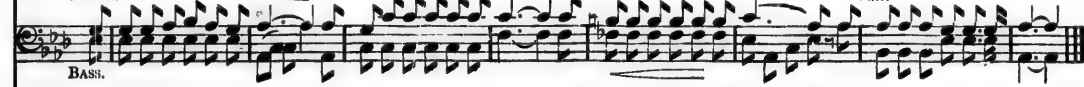


rall.

ALTO.

So life may be wearie and sad,..... It makes little matter to me;.... For oh, my puir heart will be glad,..... When Jamie comes over the sea!

TENOR.



rall.

BASS.

So life may be wearie and sad, and sad, It makes little matter to me; For oh! my puir heart will be glad, will be glad, When Jamie comes over the sea!



rall.
colla voce.

BY THE SEA ALONE I WANDER.

Words and Music by S. P. WARDWELL.

Allegretto.
sempre legato.
p

rit. *pp*
p

1. By the sea a lone I wan - der, Si - lent 'mid the
2. Still up on the shore I lin - ger, And my soul the is

noise and roar,..... Of the waves un - ceas - ing rush - ing, Fierce and wild up - on the shore.
filled with awe,..... With ma - jes - tic pomp and grand - eur, O'er the rocks the break - er's roar.

accelerando. *f* *rit.*
accelerando. *rit. p*

While from out the dire con - fu - sion, Jar - gon of the rest - less sea, Voi - ces seem for
Spir - it voi - ces seem to min - gle, With the an - thems of the sea, And a - gain I

Lento. *pp* *mf a tempo.*
pp

ev - er call - ing, Call - ing mourn - ful - ly to me, Call - ing mourn - ful - ly to me. Time is fleet - ing,
hear them call - ing, Call - ing mourn - ful - ly to me, Call - ing mourn - ful - ly to me. Life a but a

BY THE SEA ALONE I WANDER. CONCLUDED.

169

cres.

youth is fad - ing, Life it - self swift ebbs a - way, Wait not for th' un - cer - tain mor - row, Love and la - bor
dream that fad - eth, With the vis - ions of the night, Joys of earth are ev - a - nes - cent, As the dew at

rit. *mf* *a tempo.*

while you may. Like the o - cean rest - less - ly heav - ing, With un - rest your life is fill - ed, But a - bove yet
morn - ing light. Ev - er ebb - ing, ceaseless - ly flow - ing, Life is like the o - cean tides, But o'er all the

rit. *rit.*

f *p* *pp* *rit. e. morendo.*

lives the Mas - ter, By Whose word the waves are stilled, By Whose word the waves are stilled, By Whose word the waves are still'd.
Mas - ter rul - eth, On the waves and winds He rides, On the waves and winds He rides, On the waves and winds He rides.

BRING BACK MY LOVE O'ER THE SEA.

Words and Music by

WALTZ SONG.

H. J. FULMER.

Legato.

mf

1 2

Tra - la la, tra la la, tra la la, Ah!

f *f* *Pol.*

BRING BACK MY LOVE O'ER THE SEA. CONTINUED.

Bird that is wing-ing a - far,..... O'er the wave so bright and glow - ing,..... Oh! land where my love is
 Speed 'neath yon silver - y star,..... To the

p

go - ing! Breeze of the beau - ti - ful spring,..... Waft the sails so swift - ly flow - ing!..... Oh! bear one sweet

f

rit.

mes-sage from me,..... And bring back my love o'er the sea!..... Lone - ly now my heart a - waits The

to Trio. *p*

to Trio.

rall.

smiles of one so dear, so sweet! At sun - set's gleam I fond - ly dream, That soon, that soon in

colla voce.

bliss we'll meet! Ah!..... Ah!.....

f a tempo.

BRING BACK MY LOVE O'ER THE SEA. CONTINUED.

171

rit. dim. f rall. ad lib.

Oh! bring back my love o'er the sea!..... Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, Ah!.....

colla voce. dim. D. S.

♩ TRIO. *Sev.*

f rall. e dim.

p

Haste! Haste my dar-ling to me! Come! Come a - far o'er the sea!

p a tempo.

rit. f a tempo.

Joy! Joy to clasp thee once more, While weary I wait up - on the shore!..... Fly! Fly o'er bil - low so

f f

blue! Long! Long since we bade a - dieu! Haste! Haste my own to my heart, Ah! nev - er a - gain on

BRING BACK MY LOVE O'ER THE SEA. CONCLUDED.

earth to part! Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, Ah!

Ah! Bird that is winging a far, O'er the wave so bright and glow-ing, Oh!
 Speed 'neath yon sil-ver-y star To the

land where my love is go-ing! Breeze of the beau-ti-ful spring, Waft the sails so swift-ly

flow-ing! Oh! bear one sweet message from me, And bring back my love o'er the sea! Bring back my

love o'er the sea! Bring back my love o'er the sea!

rit. ad lib.
p rall. pp
rall.
f
rit.
ad lib.
colla voce.
f
frit.
ff
colla voce.
ff

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various textures, from simple harmonic support to more complex, rhythmic patterns. Dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), *ff* (fortissimo), *rit.* (ritardando), *ad lib.* (ad libitum), and *colla voce.* (colla voce) are used throughout to guide the performer. The vocal line includes several melodic phrases, some with lyrics and others with decorative flourishes or sighs like 'Ah!'. The score concludes with a final, powerful chord in the piano and a sustained note in the voice.

"LITTLE DARLING, DREAM OF ME."

173

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Moderato con espressione.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and a *rall.* (rallentando) section.

The vocal entry begins with two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active line in the left hand. Dynamics include piano (*p*).

1. Lit - tle dar - ling, dream of me..... While the stars are soft - ly gleam - ing, When I'm far a - way from thee.....
 2. Lit - tle dar - ling, dream of me..... When in ab - sence I am lone - ly Love, will bring me back to thee.....

The second verse continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes a *p* (piano) dynamic and a *f* (forte) section towards the end of the system.

Keep me still with - in thy dream - ing, Though I wan - der from thy side..... Still in spir - it I am near thee,
 For thy beau - ty I live on - ly, Slum - ber, free from ev - 'ry care..... And at dawn a - wake light heart - ed,

The third verse includes a *pp* (pianissimo) section labeled "Solo or Duet." and a *colla voce.* (colla voce) section. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *rall.* (rallentando), and *f* (forte).

True to thee whate'er be - tide..... Wait - ing with my love to cheer thee! Sweet - ly dream - ing smil - ing, beam - ing,
 On thy lips this gen - tle pray'r..... "May we nev - er more be part - ed!"

The final verse concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a *f* (forte) section and a *dim.* (diminuendo) section. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo), *rall.* (rallentando), and *D.C.* (Da Capo).

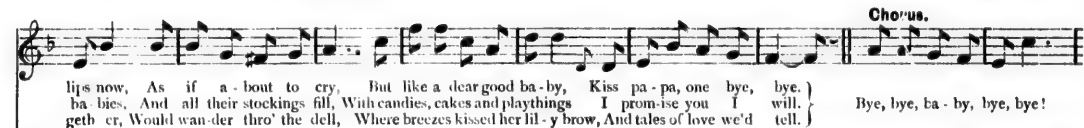
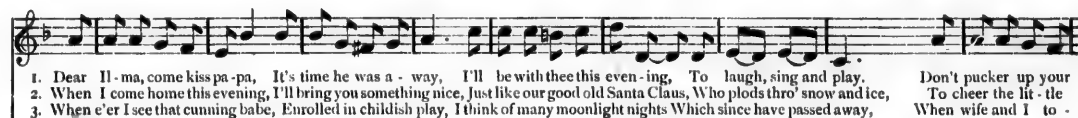
Bright - est vis - ions come to thee,..... While the stars are soft - ly gleam - ing, Lit - tle dar - ling, dream of me!.....

BYE, BYE, BABY, BYE, BYE!

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

WM. J. SCANLAN.



OLD BLACK JOE.

175

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco Adagio.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The

Gone are my friends from the cotton-fields a-way, Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land I know, I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not again, Grieving for forms now de-part-ed long a-go? I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."
 children so dear, that I held upon my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go. I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Chorus.
SOPRANO.
ALTO.
 I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."
BASS.

TRUSTING.

Words by CHARLES O. CLAYTON.

Music by HARRISON MILLARD.

Moderate.

1. Ah! if my love would come once more, And smile, as
 2. A doubt, a word sent us a part, 'The word was
 3. Yes, if my love would come a gain From dis-tant

he was wont of yore, Would take my hands with-in his own, And breathe, in
 mine not of the heart— Oh! cru-el doubt, oh! hast-y word, What bound-less
 lands be-yond the main, And tell me, in his hap-py way: "This, sweetheart,

com. espress.
 Love's de-li-cious tone,..... "Like some lone bird o'er land and sea,
 an-guish have ye stirr'd!..... And yet, sweet Hope oft sings to me—
 is a glad-some day!"..... In ver-y joy I'd shade my sight.

f
 "Dear heart, I've sped me back to thee!" How gold-en bright this
 The old, old strains so fill'd with glee: How gold-en bright this
 For tho'twere Win-ter's dark-est night— This world would be too

1 and 2

world would be! How gol - den bright this world would be.
 world will be! How gol - den bright this world will be.
 gol den bright! This world would too gol - den

f *pesante.* *D.S.*

3 *con espress.* *f* *ad lib.*
 bright! too gol - den bright..... This world would be..... too gol - den bright.

colla voce. *f* **FINE.**

THE YOUTHFUL HEART.

Words by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Music by DUDLEY BUCK. Op. 67. No. 5.

Allegro vivace ma non troppo.

f

mf

1. Oh! hap - py glide the days To the youth - ful heart, For
 ev - ry friend seems true To the youth - ful heart, The

28

THE YOUTHFUL HEART. CONTINUED.

sor - row sel - dom stays With the youth - ful heart; Each scene is charm - ing fair, Flow - ers
 sky seems ev - er blue To the youth - ful heart; The ro - sy days of love, With

bloom with beau - ty rare, E'en the winds their plea - sures bear, To the heart, the youth - ful
 bliss are in - ter - wove, And sweet e - mo - tions move, Gen - tly move the youth - ful

heart.
 heart.
 tempo. Ah! sea - sons swift - ly go When our
 E'en the

youth is gone, And life's de - ceit we know When our youth..... is

gone; Oft thought - less words are said, Man - y bit - ter tears are

crs.
crs.
f *ral - len - tan - do.*
f *rall. colla voce.*
poco rall.
Ped. * *Ped.* *
sempre. p
p
p

rallent. *lento.*

ahed, And the gold - en dreams have fled When our youth is gone.

colla voce. *mf tempo.*

mf vivace. **2**

Oh! sun shines not so

tempo. *p*

bright When our youth is gone, Long - er, dark - er seems the night, When our

youth, our youth is gone; Kind words and smiles are rare, The brow is seamed with

p *mf* *cres.* *mf*

care, And a bur - den oft we bear When our youth, our youth is gone. Still the

p *tempo poco maestoso.* *p* *Ped.*

THE YOUTHFUL HEART. CONCLUDED.

heart some joy re - tains, When our youth is gone, When the

p

cres. *mf* *f*

pre - cious hope re - mains Though our youth is gone, Hap - py, hap -

mf

mf maestoso assai.

py shall..... the fu - ture be, When from

f con anima. *poco rall.* *fp* *mf*

Ped. *** *Ped.* ***

f *ff*

toil..... our hearts are free, When once more beats..... with

f *ff*

Ped. *** *com 8va.*

rall.

glee..... Ev - ry heart, a heart of youth!

rall. colla voce. *f*

Ped. ***

'THE COWS ARE IN THE CORN.'

181

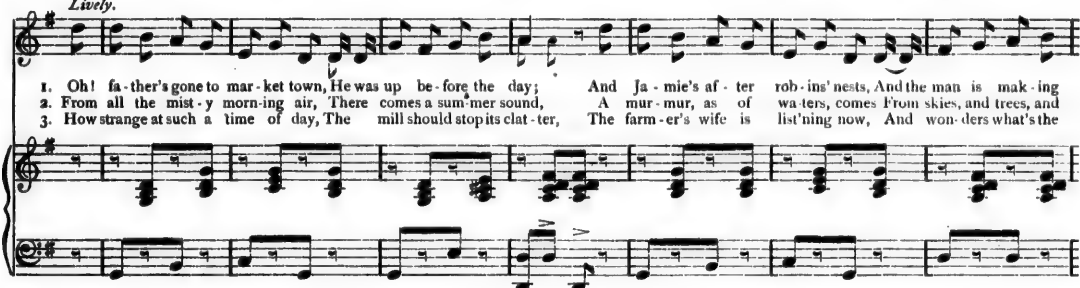
Words by R. W. GILDEN.

Music by HERBERT LESLIE.

With Spirit.

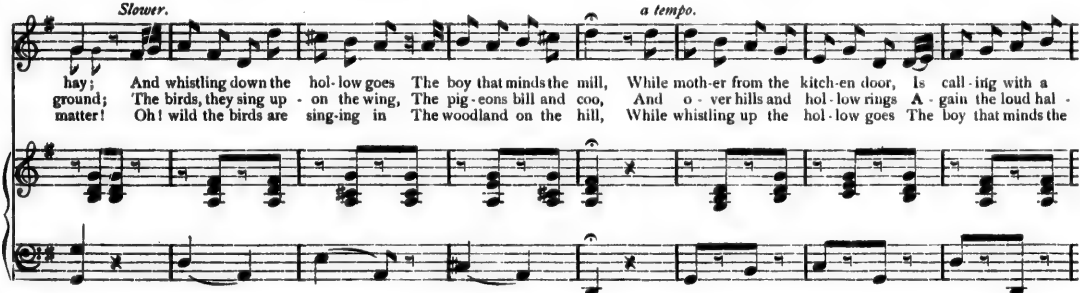


Lively.



Slower.

a tempo.



f

p

vigorous ad lib.

a tempo.



INTERLUDE.

Sua.



MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco lento.



1. Round de meadows am a ring - ing, De darkey's mournful song, While de mocking bird am sing - ing, Happy as de day am
 2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old massa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and
 3. Mas - sa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey sadly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be -

long. Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing,
 old. Now, de orange tree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de summer days am com - ing,
 hind. I can - not work before to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow, I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

Chorus.

Sleeping in de cold, cold ground. } Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful sound: All de darkeys am a
 Mas - sa nebber calls no more. }
 Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN, MAGGIE.

183

Words and Music by J. L. GILBERT.

Moderato.

p legato.

1. 'Twas when the hay was
2. Your voice was low and
3. The years have come and
4. Though gently changing

known, Mag-gie, In the long years a - go, And while the west - ern sky was rich With sun - set's ro - sy
sweet, Mag-gie, Your wa - vy hair was brown, Your cheek was like the wild red - rose That show's its pet - als
gone, Mag-gie, With sun - shine and with shade, And sil - ver'd is the silk - en hair That o'er your shoulders
time, Mag-gie, Has touch'd you in his flight, Your voice has still the old sweet tone, Your eyes the old love.

dim.

glow, Then hand in hand close link'd we pass'd, The dew - y ricks be - tween, When I was one and
down, Your eyes were like the blue speed - well, With dew - y moist - ure sheen, When I was one and
stray'd, In ma - ny a soft and way - ward tress, The fair - est ev - er seen, When I was one and
light, And years can nev - er, nev - er change, The heart you gave I ween, When I was one and

twen - ty, Mag, And you were sev - en - teen.
twen - ty, Mag, And you were sev - en - teen.
twen - ty, Mag, And you were sev - en - teen.
twen - ty, Mag, And you were sev - en - teen.

PASS UNDER THE ROD.

Words and Music by DANA.

Moderato con espressione.

1. I saw the young bride in her
 2. I saw the young moth - er in
 3. I saw a fa - ther and

f *p* FINE. *p*

beau - ty and pride, Bedeck'd in her snow - y ar - ray; And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek, And the
 ten - der - ness bend O'er the couch of her slumber - ing boy, And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmur'd her name, While the
 moth - er who lean'd On the arms of a dear gift-ed son, And the star in the fu - ture grew bright to their gaze, As they

fu - ture look'd blooming and gay; And with woman's de - vo - tion she laid her fond heart At the shrine of i - dol - a - trous
 dre - m - er lay smil - ing in joy, Oh, sweet as the rose-bud en - circled with dew, When its fra - grance is flung on the
 saw the proud place he had won, And the fast coming even - ing of life promis'd fair, And its path - way grew smooth to their

love, And she anchor'd her hopes to this per - ish - ing earth, By the chain which her ten - der - ness wove, But I
 air, So fresh, and so bright to that mother he seem'd, As he lay in his in - no - cence there, But I
 feet, And the star - light of love glimmer'd bright at the end, And the whis - pers of fan - cy were sweet, And I

saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn, And the chain had been sever'd in..... two, She had chang'd her white robes for the
 saw when she gaz'd on the same lovely form, Pale as mar-ble and si-lent and..... cold, But pal-er and cold-er her
 saw them a-gain bending low o'er the earth Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid, And the star had gone down in the

p *pp*

sa-ble of grief, And her bloom for the pale-ness of woe, But the Heal-er was there pour-ing balm on her heart, And
 beau-ti-ful boy, And the tale of her sor-row was told, But the Heal-er was there who had strick-en her heart, And
 dark-ness of night, And the joy from their bo-som had fled, But the Heal-er was there and His arms were a-round, And He

f

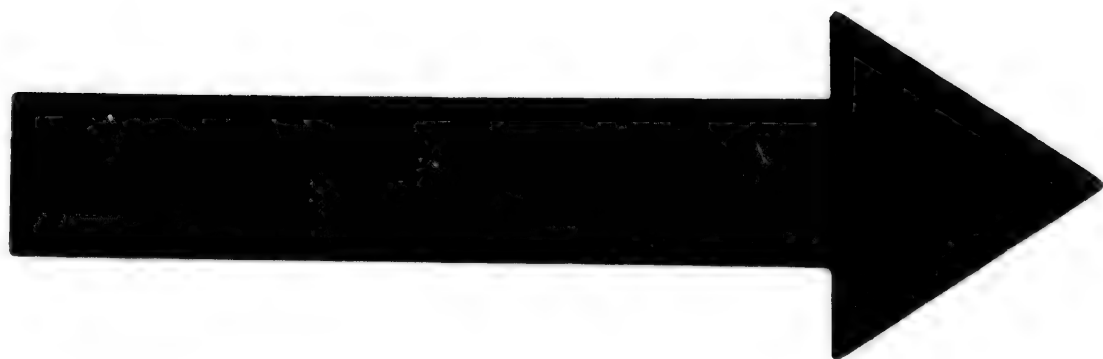
wip-ing the tears from her eyes, He strengthen'd the chain He had broken in twain, And fasten'd it firm to the
 tak-en her treas-ure a-way, To al-lure her to Heav'n He has plac'd it on high, And the mourner will sweet-ly o-
 led them with ten-der-est care, And He show'd them a star in the bright up-per world, 'Twas their star shining brill-iantly

f

skies, There had whisper'd a voice, 'twas the voice of her God: "I love thee, I love thee, Pass un-der the rod."
 bey, There had whisper'd a voice, 'twas the voice of her God: "I love thee, I love thee, Pass un-der the rod."
 there, They had each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their God: "I love thee, I love thee, Pass un-der the rod."

p *D.C.*

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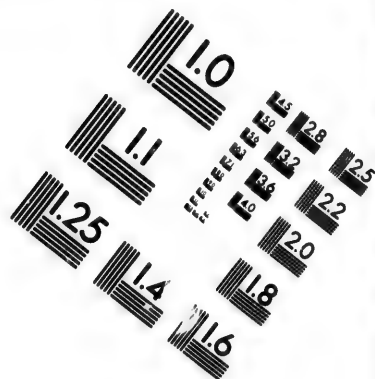
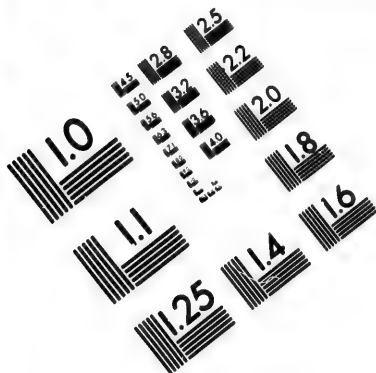
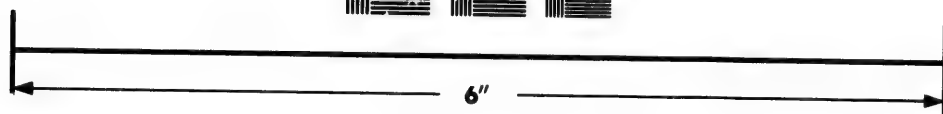
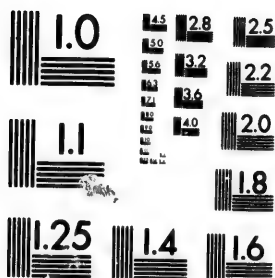


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10

GATHERING SHELLS FROM THE SEA SHORE.

Words and Music by

SONG AND CHORUS.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. I wan - der'd to-day on the
 2. Oh, don't you re-mem - ber the
 3. But now we are growing up in

sea - shore, The winds and the waves were low, And I thought of the days that are gone, Maud,
 day, Maud, The last time we wander'd on the shore, Our hearts were so joy - ous and gay, Maud, For you
 years, Maud, Our locks are all sil - ver'd and gray, Yet the vows that we made on the shore, Maud, Are

Ma - ny long years a - go; Ah! those were the happiest days of all, Maud, Not a care nor a sorrow did we
 promised to be mine ev - er - more; Then the shells they were whit - er than ev - er, And the bright waves were lovelier than be -
 fresh in our mem'ries to - day: There still is a charm in those bright shells, And the sound of the deep o - cean's

rit.

know,..... As we play'd on the white pebbled sand, Maud, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the shore.
 fore,..... The hours were but mo - ments to us, Maud, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the shore.
 roar,..... For they call back the days that we spent, Maud, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the shore.

SOPRANO. Chorus.

ALTO.
Gath - er - ing up the shells from the sea shore, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the

TENOR.

BASS.
Gath - er - ing up the shells from the sea, beau - ti - ful shore, Gath - er - ing, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the

shore; Ah! those were the hap - pi - est days of all,.....Maud, Gath - er - ing up the shells from the shore.

shore; beautiful shore; Ah! those were the hap - pi - est days of all, Maud, Gathering up..... the shells from the shore.

THE LITTLE GREEN LEAF IN OUR BIBLE.

Words by EDWARD HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVID BRAHAM.

Moderato.

mf *cres.* *rit.*

1. It is Sun - day evn - ing, chil - dren;..... The par - lor's warm and bright;..... Hand down our fam' - ly
2. She was call'd a - way in spring-time;..... All na - ture seem'd to smile;..... The birds with sweet - est
3. When 'tis with - er'd, old, and sad - ed;..... And I close my mor - tal eyes;..... Pre - serve it as a



Bi - ble..... That dear, sure guide to right;..... I'll show you now my treas - ure;..... Yes, Ma - ry, Nell, and
mu - sic..... My sor - row tried to 'guile;..... I read our dear old Bi - ble;..... It's coun - sels made me
to - ken..... Of love that nev - er dies;..... Through grief and trib - u - la - tion;..... Re - call the hopes it



Dave;..... This lit - tle green leaf I pluck ed in my grief From your dear moth - er's grave.....
brave;..... This lit - tle green leaf then lighten'd the grief I felt at moth - er's grave.....
gave;..... This lit - tle green leaf will strengthen be - lief In bliss be - yond the grave.....

cres. *rit.*

SOPRANO. Chorus.

TENOR.
That lit - tle green leaf, Dear em - blem of grief, From the grave of your moth - er, my i - dol; Oh,

ALTO.

BASS.

guard it with care; Her spir - it is there, With that lit - tle green leaf in our Bi - ble.

MUST WE THEN MEET AS STRANGERS?

189

Words by GEO. COOPER.

BALLAD.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Andantino appassionato.

ritard.



MUST WE THEN MEET AS STRANGERS? CONCLUDED.

p con temeraria. *f* *tem.*

O must the love we plight-ed, One heedless word de-stroy? Must we then meet as

cres. *colla voce.*

stran-gers, Af-ter our dreams of joy?

ritard. *dim.*

The musical score for 'Must We Then Meet as Strangers?' is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'p con temeraria.' The melody is in the voice part, with lyrics: 'O must the love we plight-ed, One heedless word de-stroy? Must we then meet as'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line. Dynamics include 'p' (piano), 'f' (forte), 'cres.' (crescendo), and 'colla voce.' (in voice). The piece concludes with a 'ritard.' (ritardando) and 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking.

HAUNTING EYES.

Words by CAROLINE NORTON.

BALLAD.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Andantino.

hour!..... I first be-held thee, Soft thy kind-ly glanc-es fell..... And my
eyes,..... their love-ly shad-ow Stole the light..... of life a way..... And my

1. In the
2. Oh, those

The musical score for 'Haunting Eyes.' is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major or D minor). The tempo is marked 'Andantino.' The melody is in the voice part, with lyrics: 'hour!..... I first be-held thee, Soft thy kind-ly glanc-es fell..... And my eyes,..... their love-ly shad-ow Stole the light..... of life a way..... And my'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line. Dynamics include 'p' (piano) and 'pp' (pianissimo). The piece concludes with a 'ritard.' (ritardando) and 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking.

HAUNTING EYES. CONCLUDED.

191

cres. *dim.*

heart..... bowed down be - fore thee, As be - neath..... a mag - ic spell..... Since that
heart..... in lan - guid dream - ing, I - dly pines..... from day to day..... Vain that the

cres.

time..... like some sweet phan - tom, In my home..... thy form doth rise, And wher -
eve'n - ing's dew - y cool - ness, Vain the calm..... of mid - night skies; E'en with

dim. *dim.*

e'er..... my sad gaze wan - ders, There I meet..... thy haunt - ing eyes!..... And wher -
dark - ness clos - ing round me, Still I see..... those haunt - ing eyes!..... E'en with

aspress. *a piacere.*

e'er..... my sad gaze wan - ders, There I meet..... thy haunting eyes!..... Thy haunting eyes!.....
dark - ness clos - ing round me, Still I see..... those haunting eyes!..... Those haunting eyes!.....

colla voce. *p*

Thy haunt - ing eyes!
Those haunt - ing eyes!

THE GRAND OLD OCEAN!

D. C. MCCALLUM.

H. MILLARD.

Andante pesante. *con espress.*

When this heart doth cease all

rall. *a tempo.*

mo - tion, And ye spread the som - bre pall, Let me rest by grand old o - cean, Where the blue waves rise and

fall, Where the wild - birds ev - er fly - ing, *legg.* Sport - ing gai - ly kiss the

Grave. *rall.* *a pia.*

wave. Where the deep - toned surf is sigh - ing Nature's re - quiem o'er my grave, ah!..... Far a -

pesante. *colla voce.*

bove earth's marshy lev - el, Where high cliffs o'er - hang the sea, Where the free winds ev - er

THE GRAND OLD OCEAN. CONCLUDED.

193

re - vel, There, my dear - est friend, lay me. There my

dear - est friend, lay me. There, my dear - est friend, lay

ad lib.

ff *calo.*

me, ah! Where the ro - sy smile of morn - ing Tints with gold the spark - ling

colla voce.

foam, Where at eve the moon a - dor - ing Decks with sheen my o - cean home, Near the

O - cean, Grand Old O - cean! There, my dear - est friend, lay me, lay me!

ad lib. ff *strisciando.* *lento.* *adagio colla voce.*

ff *fff* *a pia.*

26 Ped.

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT.

POETRY BY MRS. BRINE.

MUSIC BY MRS. JANE SLOMAN TORRY.

Tempo di Valse.

p *mf* *p delicato.* *ff* *leggero.*

mf REFRAIN.

Queen of the night rise, rise, rise in thy beauty Queen of the night, Queen of the night, rise

rit. *a tempo.* *mf*

allentando un poco. *brillante e leggero.*

rise, Shine in thy ten - der - ness o'er us to - night. My love and I in the still - ness of

p *poco rit.* *f* *p*

night, My love and I in the still - ness of night, My love and I, My love and

mf *cres.*

rit. *a tempo.* *brillante.* *f* *to Coda.*

I, Si - lent we wan - der in the still - ness of night.

rit. *a tempo. f* *pp* *legato.*

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT. CONTINUED.

195

p dolos. *lusingando.* *poco rit.*

Save the sweet sounds of soft rippling waters, Naught else is heard the stillness to mar, Save the sweet sounds of

rit: colla voce.

cres. *allargando.* *molto rall.*

soft rippling waters, Naught else is heard the stillness to mar, On - ly the light from thy moonbeams afar;

cres. *f*

a tempo. risvegliando. *leggero.*

Earth is a - waiting, Rise in thy shining, ah!.....

mf *mf* *mf* *ff*

legato. *leggero. e brillante.*

rise in thy shining, ah!.....

p *mf* *mf* *p* *mf* *ff*

Un poco piu lento.
Cantabile.

O, dost thou know..... ere long thy shining..... Noth - ing of

p

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT. CONCLUDED.

pp dolente. *morando.*

Joy..... can bring to my heart..... far from my home..... soon..... must I

pp legato.

p con espress. *rall.* *port.* *poco.*

wan - der far from my loved one soon must I part.....

piu lento. *con malinconio.* *molto rall.* *p tenuto.*

Haste thee to rise, chase a - way shadows, Let us re - joice while yet we may,

brillante. *pp* *CODA.* *puntato.*

ah! ah!..... Rise, rise, ah!.....

adensa ad lib. *D.C. Refrain.* *p* *staccato.*

Ah!..... ah!.....

piu forte. *ff* *rall.* *colla voce.* *ff*

"GOD BLESS YOU!"

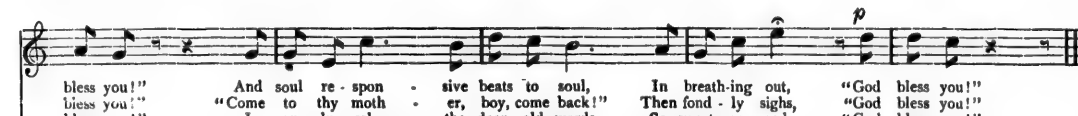
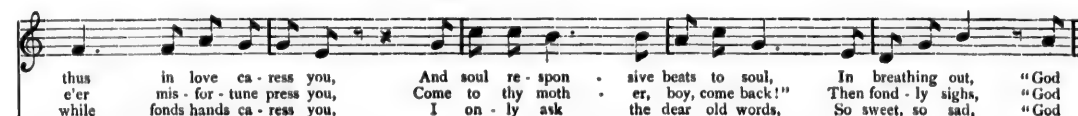
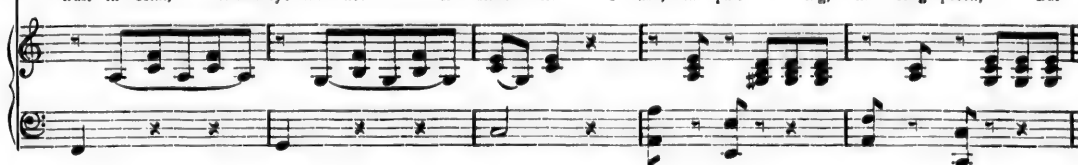
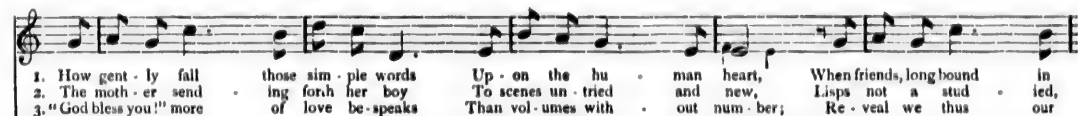
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Words and Music by

BALLAD.

J. R. THOMAS.

Moderato.



THE DYING NUN.

WORDS BY NATHALIE.

MUSIC BY LOUIE BREWSTER.

1. Let the air blow in up - on me,
2. Hold my hand, so cold and fro - zen;

Soft Ped.

Ped.

Let me see the mid - night sky, Stand back, sis - ters, from a - round me; God! it is so hard to die! Raise the pil - low
Once it was so soft and white, And this ring, that falls down from it, Clapsed my fin - ger roun! so tight; Lit - tle ring they

up, oh, Mar - tha, sis - ter Mar - tha you were kind; Come and stand a - lone be - side me, Ere I leave you all be - hind.
thought so worth - less, That they let me keep it there. On - ly a plain gold - en cir - clet, With a braid of Douglass' hair.

3.
Sister Martha, are you near me? You were kinder than the rest;
Lift my head, and let me lean it, While I live, upon your breast.
I was thinking of some music That I heard long, long ago;
Ah! how sweet the NUNS are singing In the Chapel, soft and low.

4.
Oh! my Father; oh! my Mother! Will you not forgive the past,
When you hear a stranger tell you How your stray lamb died at last?
Out of all that used to love me, Who will weep when I am dead?
Only you, oh, sister Martha! Keep the last watch by my bed.

5.
But a strain of heavenly music Drowns the holy midnight dream,
Still I hear the wild waltz pealing, And I float away with him;
I am coming, Douglass, Douglass, Where you are I too am there,
Freed at last, I come, my dearest, Death gives back your little CLARE.

6.
Sister Martha, Sister Martha, Has the Moon gone down so soon?
Ah! the CELL seems cold as WINTER, Tho' I know that it is June.
Sisters, in your white beds lying, Sleeping in the June moonlight,
Thro' your dreams, COMES THERE NO MESSAGE? CLARA DIES ALONE TO-NIGHT.

SCOTCH LASSIE JEAN.

199

SONG AND CHORUS.

Andantino. *Stra*.....

1. In Scot - land's fair lan's, o - ver
2. She said she would meet me, but I've

moun - tains and rills, That's where I roam'd for many a day; In looking at the lads and las-sies on the green, In the
wait-ed long in vain, In lands far a - way she does roam; Her promise she will keep, oh! break it not my Jean! We'll be

fair old land of Scotland far a - way. I have waited for her coming! but she has not come as yet, The truth seems to dawn up - on me
hap-py in our bon-nie lit-tle home. O then let me not long wait! let me meet thee soon my Jean, And the Heavens will smile on our

plain; They say she is false, but I still be-lieve her true, She's my dar-ling blue-eyed, Scotch las-sie, Jean.
love; And when life is dead, we will leave this earth-ly scene, And our hearts will dwell in joy and bliss a - bove.

SOPRANO. Chorus.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

f O, Jean, my bon-nie Jean, come to your laddie once a - gain!.....They say that you are false, but I still believe you mine, You are my

f bon-nie, blue-eyed, Scotch lassie Jean.

p

*Ped. * Ped. ** *Ped. * Ped. * Ped. **

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE, THE MAID O'DUNDEE.

Words by MISS ARABELLA ROOT.

Music by J. L. GILBERT.

Moderato.

1. A highland lad-die there lived o'er the way, A

lad-die both no-ble, and gallant, and gay, Who loved a las-sie as no-ble as he, A bonnie sweet las-sie, the maid o' Dundee; This

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE, THE MAID O'DUNDEE. CONCLUDED. 201

las-sie had lands, but the lad-die had nane, And yet to her it was all the same, For dear-ly she loved him, and

said she knew This lad-die, dear lad-die, was gude and true.

2. E'er years or e-ven months had fled, This laddie and las-sie were hap-pi-ly wed; Nae bet-ter wify e'er lived on the lea, Than
3. But sor-row came to her heart one day, And her dear dar-lin' was tak-en a-way, Then oh, how sad and lone was she, Poor

"Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o' Dundee!" A hap-pi-er hame nae man ev-er had, Than this which held twa hearts sae glad, And
"Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o' Dundee!" And when in the ground her dar-lin' they laid, Her heart then broke, and she fervently pray'd, "O

ne'er did Bessie have cause to rue Her wedding this laddie, sae gude and true.
God in Heaven, let me go too, And be wi' my laddie, sae gude and true!"

"WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR."

Words and Music by
SOPRANO.

DUET AND QUARTETTE.

J. R. THOMAS.

SOPRANO.

When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man - sions in the skies, I'll

p

TENOR.

bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. Let

dim. *dim. e rallentando.*

SOPRANO.

a wild, wild del - uge come, And storms of sor-row fall!

TENOR.

cares like a wild, wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall! May

May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God,..... my heav'n, my all.

I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.

dim. *pp*

"WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR." CONCLUDED.

203

Quartette.
Soprano.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of Heav'n - ly rest,

And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful

And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful

breast, my peace-ful breast, my peaceful breast, A - cross my peaceful breast.

breast, A-cross my peace - ful breast, A-cross my peace - ful, peaceful breast, A - cross my peaceful breast.

ritard.

ritard.

WAITING.

H. MILLARD.

Moderato con espressione. $\text{♩} = 80.$ *quasi recitativo.*

OB. E CLA. The stars shine on his

mf Corde. *affrett o* *rall.* *af colla voce.*

quietamente. *senza port'o.*

path-way, The trees bend back their leaves, To guide him to the meadows Among the golden sheaves Where stand I, longing,

tranquillo. *f*

p *cantabile.*

lov-ing, And listen-ing, as I wait, To the nightingale's wild sing-ing, Sweet sing-ing to its

FLA. E CLA.

mf *tranquillo.*

dolce. *a piacere.* *le volate a pia.*

mate, Sing-ing, Sing-ing, Sweet sing-ing to its mate. Ah!

rall. colla voce.

ad lib.

FLA. Ah! Ah!

imitando la voce. *pesante.*

WAITING. CONTINUED.

205

legato. *rall. a piacere.*

TYMP. The breeze comes sweet from heav'n, And the mu - sic in the

affrett'o. *rall.* *con moto.*

affrett'o. *port'o.* *ff.*

air,..... Her - ald's my lov - er's com - ing, And tells me he is there,..... And

con adore. *ff.*

ad lib. *rall.* *implorando.* *con abbandono.*

tell's me he is there!..... Come, for my arms are emp - ty, Come, for the day was long!

amorosamente.

con gioia. *eguali.* *porto.*

Turn the darkness in - to glo - ry, The sor - row in - to song!

Vio. 1o. *a tempo.*

pressando. *il tempo.*

I hear his foot - fall's

senza rall.

ben marc. *Vio. 1do. VIOLA.* *p* *agitato molto.*

WAITING. CONCLUDED.

molto agitato. *con espress.* *con animato.*

mu - sic, I feel his pres - ence near, All my soul re - spon - sive an - swers. And

cres. sempre. *f*

ff *rall.* *slarg'o. giubilante.*

tells me he is here. O stars,..... shine out your bright - est, O night - in - gale, sing

ff *rall.* *trattinuto molto.*

port'o. entusimato. *a mezza voce.*

sweet, To guide..... him to me, wait - ing, And

martellato.

accell. *cres. con ff espressione.* *port'o.*

speed..... his fly - ing feet, To guide..... him to me wait - ing, And

fff marcato.

ad lib. *a pia.*

speed..... his fly - ing..... feet.

ff *ff*

THE DAY WHEN YOU'LL FORGET ME.

207

Words by "MORGAN."

BALLAD.

Music by J. B. THOMAS.

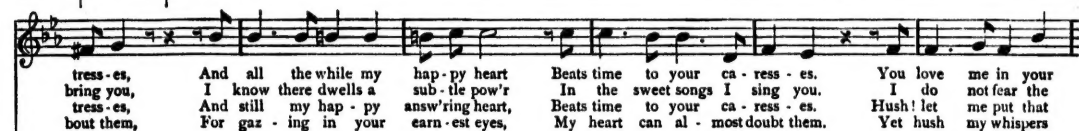
Tenderly.



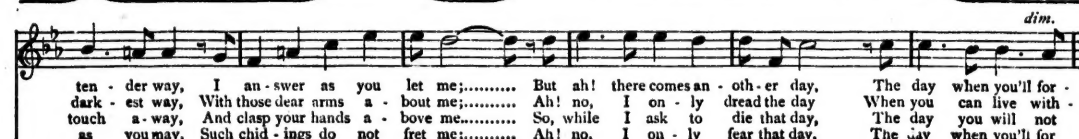
Ped.



- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1. You call me sweet and ten-der names. | And soft-ly smooth my |
| 2. I know that ev-'ry fleet-ing hour | Is mark'd by thoughts I |
| 3. And still you call me ten-der names, | And soft-ly smooth my |
| 4. You need not check the thoughts that rise | With dark-ness wrapt a |



And all the while my hap-py heart	Beats time to your ca-ress-es.	You love me in your
I know there dwells a sub-tle pow'r	In the sweet songs I sing you.	I do not fear the
And still my hap-py ans-w'r'ing heart,	Beats time to your ca-ress-es.	Hush! let me put that
For gaz-ing in your earn-est eyes,	My heart can al-most doubt them.	Yet hush my whispers



ten-der way, I an-swer as you let me;.....	But ah! there comes an-oth-er day,	The day when you'll for-
dark-est way, With those dear arms a-bout me;.....	Ah! no, I on-ly dread the day	When you can live with-
touch a-way, And clasp your hands a-bove me;.....	So, while I ask to die that day,	The day you will not
as you may, Such chid-ings do not fret me;.....	Ah! no, I on-ly fear that day,	The day when you'll for



a piacere.



get me, The day when you'll for-get me.
out me, When you can live with-out me.
love me, The day you will not love me.
get me, The day when you'll for-get me.



colla voce.

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